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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1902.

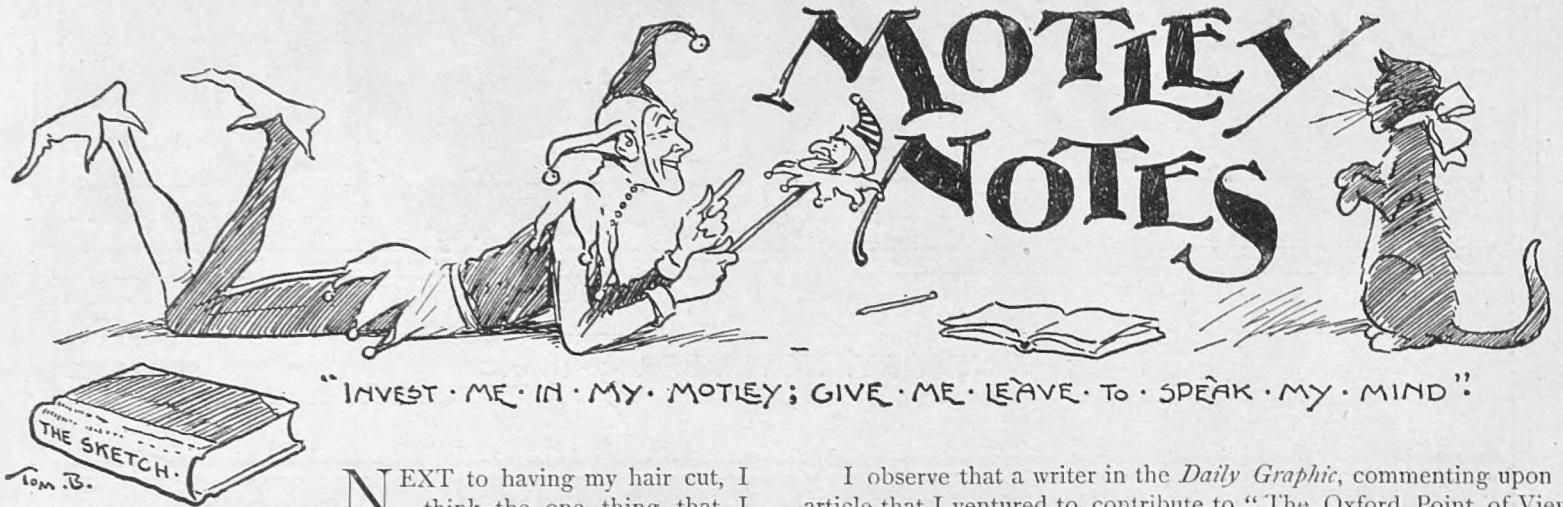
SIXPENCE.



MISS SYBIL CARLISLE,

APPEARING IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON," BY J. M. BARRIE, AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Miss Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W. (See "Heard in the Green-Room.")



NEXT to having my hair cut, I think the one thing that I loathe more than any other is paying a visit to the tailor's. True, I don't allow myself to be annoyed in this way very often, but the knowledge that it has to be done never leaves me from the time that my clothes begin to get comfortable until the day when my friends begin to make remarks about them. It is an odd thing about a tailor that, no matter how nicely he may have been brought up or however keenly he may desire to make himself pleasant to his customer, he cannot refrain from trying to sell one something that one does not want. Over and over again I have gone to my tailor's determined to choose a cloth for myself and to have it cut according to my directions. And, every time, the tailor has upset all my ideas and sent me away thoroughly prepared to hate the clothes so long as they remained in my possession. People tell me to change my tailor, but that's no good. I've tried that. The fact of the matter is, tailors are all alike. There is some subtle fascination in making a man change his mind that they cannot resist. I suppose they get in the habit of altering everything they come across, minds included.

Gradually, very gradually, we are making our Sundays in London a little more rational. It was not so long ago that I meditated writing a book of pessimistic essays to be called "Sundays in London." The mere fact that I am content to give the idea away in these columns is sufficient proof to me that our Sabbaths are brighter than they used to be. Nowadays, if you happened to be passing the Alhambra about ten o'clock on a Sunday evening, you might, by half-closing your eyes, almost imagine that the hour was eleven o'clock on a Saturday evening. Then there are bands to be heard here and there, and a little light music in the more up-to-date restaurants. But there is still room for a "Sunday Improvement Society." Such a Society, conducted by enlightened people of strict respectability, might confer many a boon on the non-week-ending Londoner. In the meantime, we ought to be thankful for the existence of such Clubs as the Playgoers' and the O.P., which, if they do not amuse the Londoner on Sunday evenings, at any rate do their best to excite him. At these debates, feeling often runs very high. I have seen a celebrated dramatic critic dissolved in tears because someone had criticised his paper too severely. Such enthusiasm, on a Sunday, is delightfully refreshing. Even the dramatic critic, I dare say, felt all the better for having had a good cry.

It was a clever move on the part of the Playgoers' Club (founded years and years ago) to secure as their President that very able young gentleman, Mr. Max Beerbohm. At first thought, there is something a little startling in the idea of Max Beerbohm presiding over anything or anybody. One has become accustomed to think of him as a very superior dramatic critic and a quite irresponsible caricaturist. Without knowing him, anyone might be pardoned for supposing that he would be altogether above taking the chair at committee-meetings and dealing with the price of coals or the salaries of waiters. I hear that the members of the Playgoers', however, are more than delighted with their new President. They say that, apart from the prestige that attaches to his name, the gentleman is an admirable man of business and full of new ideas for original entertainments. He has also promised to make several of his eminent friends read papers at the Sunday evening shows, and, naturally, the Playgoers have insisted that he shall read one himself. It only remains to hope that, in the event of stringent criticism being passed upon his remarks, the President will not allow himself any such freedom of emotion as did the other critic to whom I have referred in the preceding paragraph. I don't think I could bear to see Max cry.

I observe that a writer in the *Daily Graphic*, commenting upon an article that I ventured to contribute to "The Oxford Point of View" on the subject of a University education for journalists, rather gets away from my point by raising a discussion on his own account as to whether Oxford or Cambridge men make the best journalists. My idea in writing the article was to point out to University men who may be thinking of entering the profession of journalism that an Oxford career, as such, would not help them to gain a footing in Fleet Street. As some slight proof of the truth of my statement, I mentioned that, when first I tried to get a berth in a London office, I was rejected by three great firms on the ground that I had "too much Oxford" about me. Consequently, I retired to the country and worked on a local paper until I was quite certain that not even a democratic London Editor would suspect that I had ever been within forty miles of the city of dreaming spires. You will see, therefore, that it is quite beside the point to discuss, in this connection, whether Oxford or Cambridge men make the best journalists. To tell the honest truth—a habit of mine that will get me into trouble some day—men from either University, until they have forgotten that they ever went there, are severely handicapped in the race round Fleet Street.

The Editor of the *Isis*, writing on the same subject, keeps to the point, but takes an unfair advantage of me by putting his peroration into verse. He says—

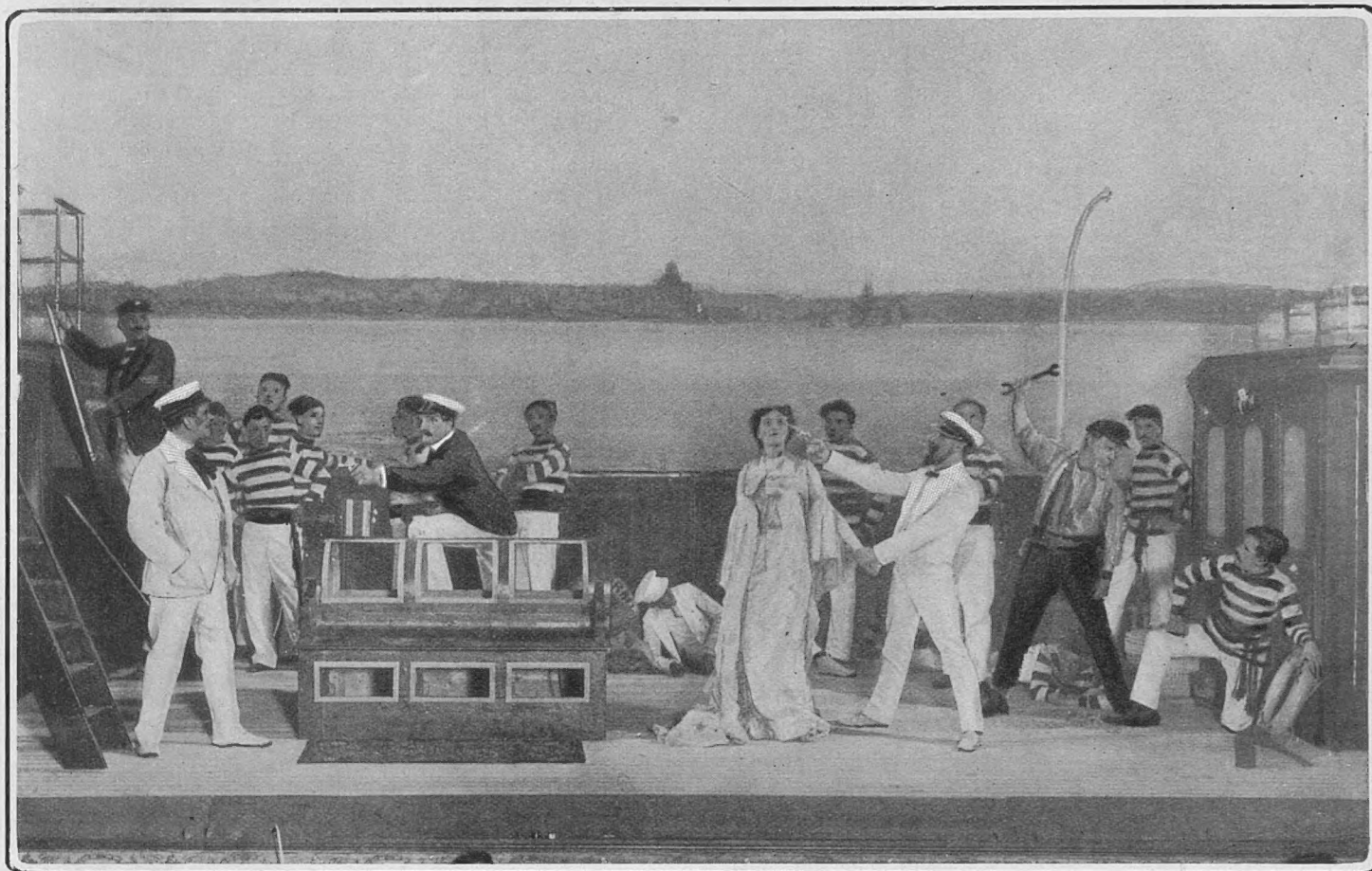
"Though from Oxford indeed,
I yet hope to succeed
As a scribe:—at least *spero dum spiro*:
'Chicot,' when you've heard
That well-belov'd word,
Do *you*, like the rest, damn the tyro?"

He also gives a long and impressive list of old *Isis* contributors who have made their mark in London journalism. I must venture to insist, however, that these able people have succeeded in spite of the fact that they hail from Oxford rather than by virtue of their academic training.

In the days when, thanks to the advice of a foolish friend, I took up my residence in a suburban town and travelled laboriously to London and back every day, I used often to wonder, as I saw the thousands of men swarm up to the station each morning, what on earth the women-folk of the suburb found to do whilst their black-coated, top-hatted masters were away in the City, wrestling and jostling for gold. I never solved the problem to my satisfaction until, a few days ago, I came across a book entitled "The Housewives of Edenrise," written by Florence Popham. I do not remember the name of Florence Popham in connection with any previous work, and yet she writes with so practised a hand that one is disinclined to believe that "The Housewives of Edenrise" is a first book. But the author is more than a polished writer; she is a clever observer, a woman of original mind, and, above all, a real humorist. Her book cannot be called a novel; it is rather a series of sketches with a connecting link in the shape of the mysterious Mrs. Greenlaw. It may seem extravagant praise, but I do not know of any other living writer whose style so nearly approaches that of Charlotte Brontë. There is all that charming simplicity combined with a delicate and subtle humour that constitutes, I think, the chief attraction of "Villette."

"Chicot"

TWO SCENES FROM "CAPTAIN KETTLE," AT THE ADELPHI.



Captain Pedro Valdez
(Mr. W. L. Abingdon).

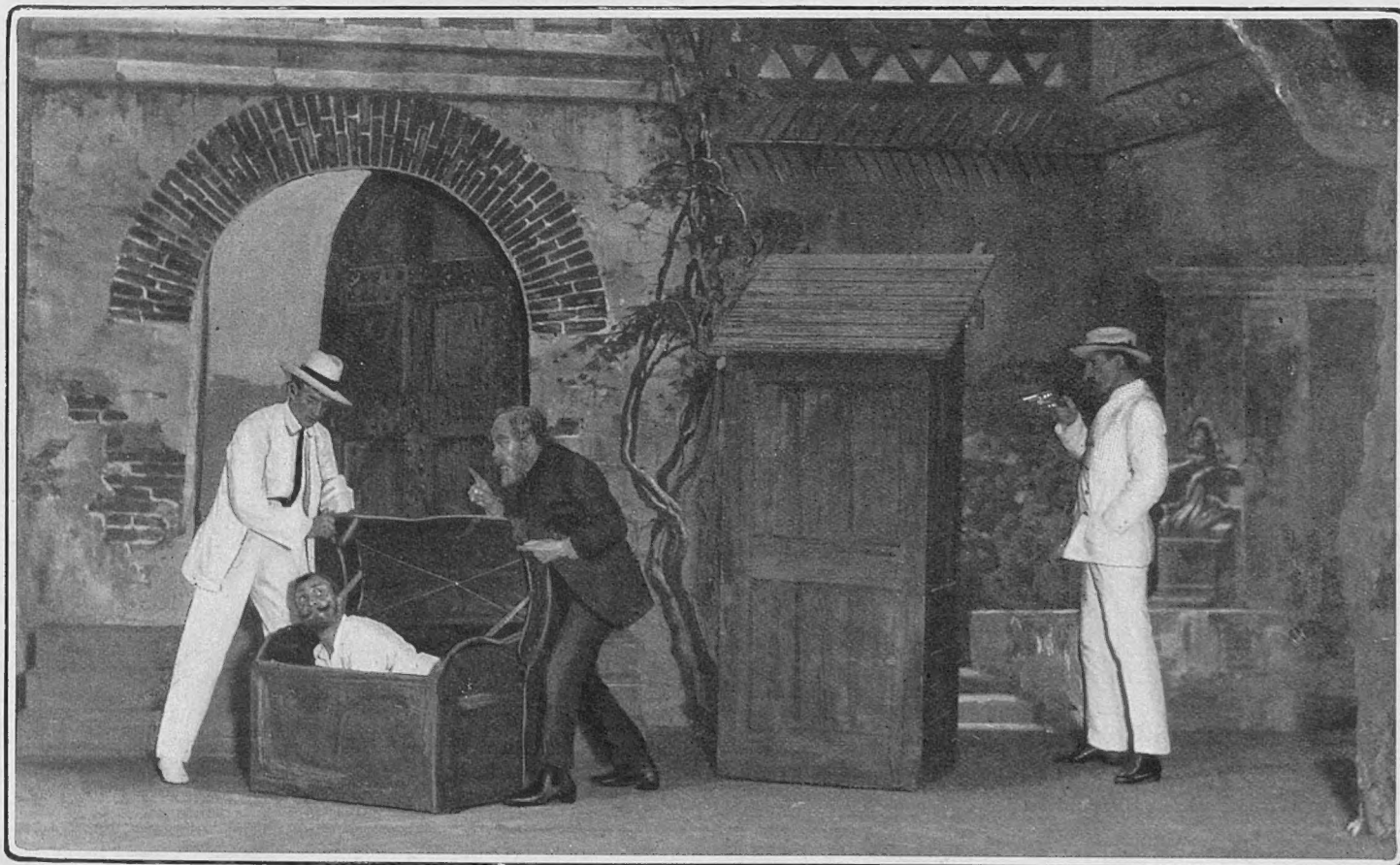
Sidney Cortolvin
(Mr. C. Aubrey Smith).

Doña Clotilde la Touche
(Miss Esmé Beringer).

Captain Owen Kettle
(Mr. Murray Carson).

MacTodd
(Mr. Mark Kinghorne).

ACT II.—THE DECK OF DOÑA CLOTILDE'S YACHT: CAPTAIN KETTLE, CORTOLVIN, AND MACTODD OVERPOWER THE FAIR OWNER OF THE YACHT, THE CAPTAIN, AND THE CREW.



Rev. John Ranalow Captain Owen Kettle MacTodd
(Mr. H. Nye Chart). (Mr. Murray Carson). (Mr. Mark Kinghorne).

Sidney Cortolvin
(Mr. C. Aubrey Smith).

ACT III., SCENE 2.—COURTYARD OF SAN LAZARRE PRISON: CAPTAIN KETTLE, AIDED BY HIS FRIENDS, ESCAPES IN A "BUCK-BASKET."

Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Review of the Guards—Kings as Good Shots—The Kaiser's "Bag" of Thirty Years.

THE Horse Guards Parade has been the scene of reviews innumerable, of farewells to departing troops, of welcome to victors, of musters of our Home Guard, but it has never had enacted on it a more impressive and touching ceremony than the review by the King last week of his regiments of Guards returned from South Africa.



MR. MAX BEERBOHM, PRESIDENT OF THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB. (SEE "MOTLEY NOTES.")

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

"Good-bye" to then were never to come back; there were the casualty rolls of Lord Methuen's battles in the advance on Kimberley to come, and some of the ladies who on those misty mornings were keeping up their spirits as a soldier's wife always should, and who said "Au revoir" to their husbands and kept back their tears, were soon to be widows.

As the regiments, a week ago, came on to the ground and formed up into rigid walls of splendid humanity, every man and woman who looked on felt a stirring of emotion, a mixture of pathos and pride. "I only hope the Boer Generals are here," said the lady who sat next to me, and, though it would not have been the first meeting when the Boer Generals and British soldiers had looked each other in the face, the sentiment which prompted the remark was very natural, for one could have wished no better opportunity to show the adversaries of Great Britain specimens of her picked soldiers. Lord Methuen, whose leg was not yet well enough to allow him to mount a horse, was with the men he commanded in the stubborn battles on the Modder, and the leaders in that splendid march to Koomati Poort were all to be picked out in the long line of officers who formed up before their men to lead the cheers for the King. The Duke of Connaught and Lord Roberts were on parade to lead past their regiments, and at the window which generally frames the curly heads of the Prince of Wales's children the Duke of Cambridge looked down upon the parade, where he has so often "taken the salute," and the Grenadiers, whose Colonel he is.

There was more applause than is usual when the regiments marched past, and a shaggy little dog with the South African medal-ribbon round his neck and three or four clasps on it, who went past with a drummer, got an admiring "Ah!" from every pair of feminine lips; but the warmest welcome of all was given to the Reservists—the men who had joined the colours, had fought, and now have gone back to their civilian life again. In "mufti" of all kinds they came to be reviewed, in caps and bowlers—one man went past on his crutches—but under the suits of "dittoes" and the black coat the men were soldiers and looked it—splendid fellows whose loss to the Army one could not help regretting, while one hoped that every man had found a secure nook waiting for him in civilian life. I am told that Her Majesty wiped away a tear when the Reservists went by. I think that many other ladies' eyes must have been full, and I know that there were few men who did not feel a lump in their throat.

The King of Portugal has astonished the good shots of Paris by the admirable practice he has been making both with a pistol in one of the shooting-galleries and with a gun at the "Tir de Pigeons" at the little Club by the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. The King knocked a cardboard rabbit to pieces with his bullets, and at the thirty-mètre mark at the Cercle du Bois de Boulogne he grassed pigeon after pigeon. His Majesty is now shooting with some of the great land-owners near Paris,

and may be trusted to do as well with the pheasants and partridges as he has done with meaner game. To be a first-class shot is just as much a necessary accomplishment for a King as to be a first-rate linguist and a first-rate horseman. King Edward is a very fine shot, and our Prince of Wales is one of the finest shots in England. The Emperor of Austria is a very good game shot; the little King of Spain has been so assiduously practised at shooting rabbits at the "Casa del Campo" that he has nicknamed himself "Alfonso the Rabbit"; the King of Sweden, if he cannot be on board a yacht, would sooner be in his hunting-hut than anywhere else; and the Kaiser, who is as energetic in sport as in all other things, has this week reckoned up and caused to be published his "bag" in the thirty years during which he has hunted big game and shot and fished for smaller fry. The three final items of the bag, "one marten, one whale, and one pike," make a curious trio. One can recall the killing of the whale when the Kaiser, leaving his yacht, chased the monster of the sea in a torpedo-catcher, fired the harpoon into the great fish, and saw his prize brought alongside, and, no doubt, there must be some story attached to the killing of the marten and the pike, otherwise they would not have had the honour of appearing in the game-book.

AN AUTHORESS-PLAYWRIGHT.

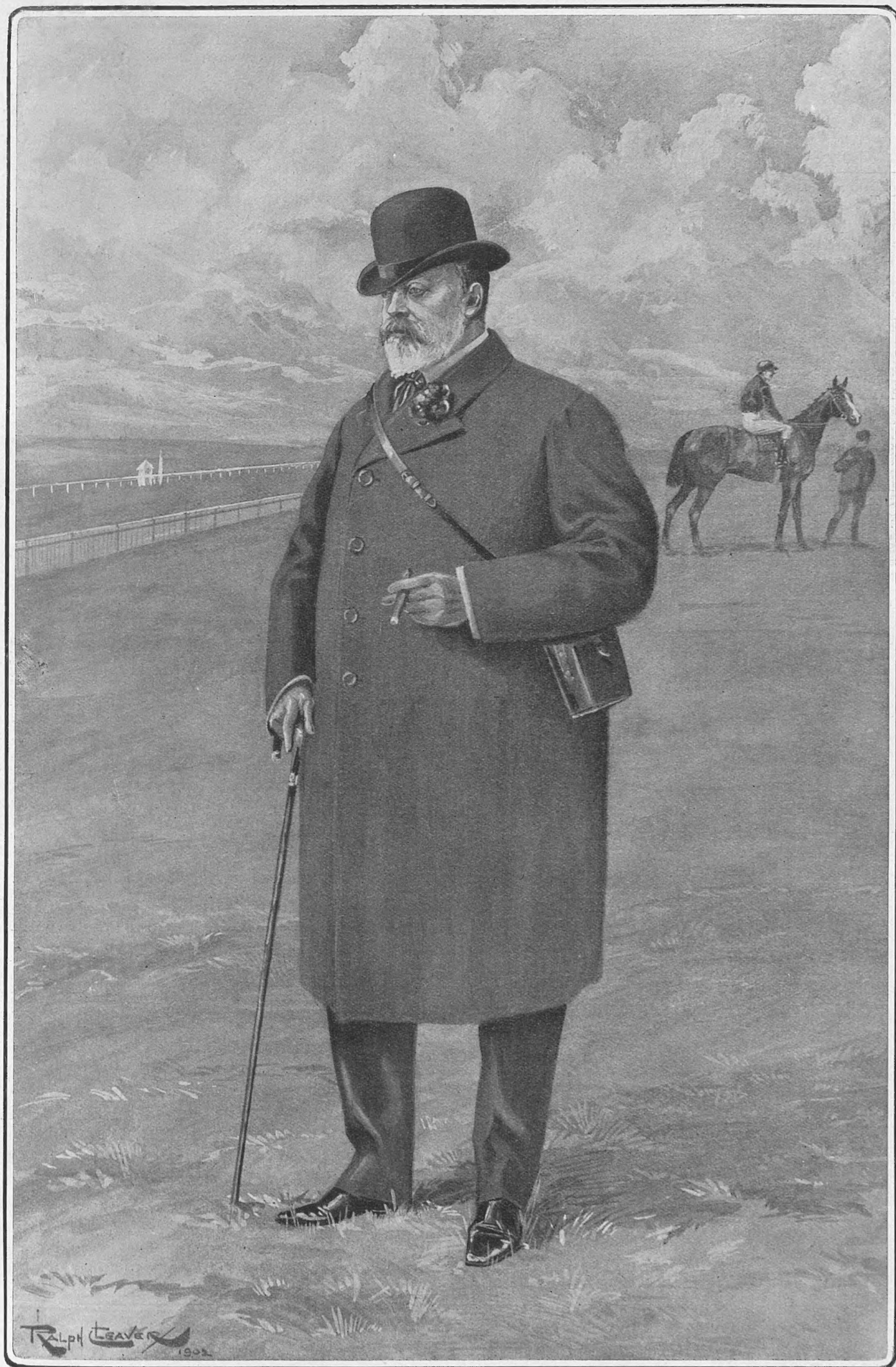
MRS. CRAIGIE, better known to the reading and playgoing public under her pen-name of "John Oliver Hobbes," is an American by birth, but most of her life has been spent in this country, where her father, Mr. Morgan Richards, has had a house for many years. Mrs. Craigie began her literary career while still in the early twenties, and most critics can remember the sensation caused by her brilliant little study of contemporary manners entitled "Some Emotions and a Moral." Her first attempt at play-writing came some years later, though she collaborated while still a very young writer with Mr. George Moore in an adaptation from the French, entitled "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting." Mrs. Craigie is always exceptionally happy in her titles; this is notably true of her last two pieces of work, "The Bishop's Move" and "Love and the Soul Hunters." Mrs. Craigie, who lives with her parents, spends much of her time in the Isle of Wight, where Mr. Morgan Richards has now been the tenant for some



MRS. CRAIGIE ("JOHN OLIVER HOBBS").

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

years of Norris Castle. She is to be among Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston's guests at the forthcoming Durbar, and it is to be hoped that India will inspire her, if not with a story, then with a play, for the Mother Country still waits for a really good comedy or tragedy of Indian life.



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 passing judgment on pictures, there must be a good many visitors
 to Hertford House who do not feel competent to act as their
 own art critics, and by such Mr. Frederick Miller's "Pictures in the
 Wallace Collection" (C. Arthur Pearson, 10s. 6d. net) will be welcomed.
 Mr. Miller does not attempt to criticise the treasures in detail, he
 simply picks out a few of the most prominent of the artists who are
 represented in the galleries, and indicates their leading characteristics
 and the conditions under which they painted, with a view to showing
 the visitor what to look for in their pictures, and telling him
 which qualities he need not expect to find. There is Hobbema,
 for instance, a landscape-painter whose simple aim was to follow
 Nature at a time when it was customary to deck out natural scenes
 with so much artificial grandeur that their characteristic charm was over-
 whelmed. Hobbema was a pioneer, and he should be regarded in that
 light, but it would be unfair to search his work for the comprehension
 of atmosphere and outdoor colour that was attained many generations
 after his day. A salient feature of the Wallace Collection is formed by
 its many representative works of English and French artists of the
 eighteenth century. It was the great English period, for we had Sir Joshua
 Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney all painting simultaneously,
 and many other names, from Hogarth onward, add to its lustre. But
 while these men were setting an example by their sincerity and
 individual force, their contemporaries in France could produce nothing
 but pretty artificialities, *fêtes champêtres*, *conversations galantes*, and
 sentimental trifles that thoroughly represented the spirit of their age,
 but did not add to the dignity or progress of art. Such works and
 their authors, with all their merits and limitations, cannot well be
 considered apart from their times, and here Mr. Miller comes usefully
 to the aid of those who would see something beyond the mere surface
 of the pictures. Moreover, the book has several admirably rendered
 reproductions that are sufficient in themselves to make it a desirable
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Nov. 5, 1902.

Signature.....



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE QUEEN went down to Sandringham last week, and it is now announced that, after all, the German Emperor will be entertained by their Majesties in their Norfolk home and not at Windsor Castle. The Emperor is a keen sportsman, and it is said that he has never forgotten his pleasant experience in the Sandringham coverts; accordingly, those guests who are to have the honour of meeting him will probably be chosen with a view to their skill as sportsmen.

In any case, those of their Majesties' old friends who have for many years past been included in the King's birthday-party will certainly be asked, even if their claim to sporting distinction be very slight.

Royalty and the Riviera.

If the King does pay a visit to Cannes, as some of the Paris papers say he will, we may see a brilliant Riviera season once again—not before it is time. All who know the Riviera intimately must realise how the absence of British Royalty has upset the last few seasons. Cannes and Nice have been particularly loud in their complaints; for Monte Carlo itself the tables suffice to secure a good season in any year. I remember the excitement when Queen Victoria was expected at Bordighera three years ago. It was very hard to secure rooms anywhere; prices went to a great height; every day there was a big crowd outside the Hôtel Angst, where the Queen was to stay; the progress of preparations was followed with the keenest interest. Then came a rumour that the visit would not take place. For once the facts confirmed the rumour, and Bordighera saw a deliberate exodus. Not only did visitors leave, but people who had written to secure rooms wrote again to cancel the order, and, where it could not be cancelled, some paid and stayed away. On the French side, from Cannes to Mentone, the same story was told; the season that had promised so well ended badly. At that time there had been a series of gross attacks upon King Edward, then Prince of Wales, in the Paris Press. These are not likely to be repeated, and there is no doubt that a Royal visit to the Riviera would be very popular throughout France and do all that is needed to give the South of France season a good start.

A Little-Known Royal Duchess.

The young Duchess of Teck, though sister-in-law to our future Queen and a member of the great Grosvenor clan, is little known to the general public. Her marriage to Prince Adolphus of Teck was quite a romance and created a certain sensation, for, in spite of the excellent example set by Princess Louise of Wales, and that popular alliance by her aunt, the present Duchess of Argyll, marriages between Royal bridegrooms and non-Royal brides are curiously few. In this case, however, the engagement had the direct sanction of Queen Victoria, and, accordingly, pretty Lady Margaret Grosvenor has never been in any sense treated as a morganatic wife—she has the full rank and privileges of the Duchess of Teck. The Duke and Duchess are the most affectionate couple and are devoted to their little children. They are constantly at York Cottage, for the Princess of Wales is very much attached to her sister-in-law. The Duchess of Teck was one of the many soldiers' wives who followed their husbands to South Africa. She went out accompanied by her two sisters, Lady Chesham and Lady Ormonde.

In Paris it is said that the Czar will start for Rome about the end of the first week in January, to pay a visit to the King and Queen of Italy. It is quite true that the Emperor Nicholas is going to visit Italy, but he will not start so soon, because that would entail his being abroad at the time of the Russian New Year, and he is hardly likely to be so careless of Orthodox opinion. If he goes to Rome, he will not pass through Germany or France, but will go by sea in his yacht *Standart*, and will remain with the King and Queen for a week. From Rome he will go to Montenegro to visit his only friend. He will not go home by way of Austria, but will return *viâ* Athens and the Dardanelles to Livadia, where the Czarina will be spending the winter.

A Gorgeous Railway-Carriage.

The King of the Belgians is determined to travel comfortably by rail, and so has just had a new car built which is said to be the most luxurious so far constructed. The car contains a kitchen, the King's dressing-room, the King's bedroom, and, in the centre of the car, his sitting-room. Then come the dressing-room and bedroom of the Princess Clementine, his daughter, and beyond them two rooms and a dressing-room for the suite. The Royal saloon is entered by a fine double doorway and is splendidly decorated and upholstered. The car has just been on its trial trip from Brussels to Ostend.



Princess Victoria.

HER SERENE HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF TECK AND HER CHILDREN, PRINCE GEORGE, PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND PRINCESS HELENA.

Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

A Theatrical Party. The mysterious disappearance of the Nationalists from Westminster caused as much sensation in Parliament as their earlier outbursts of passion. Scenes grew in vehemence until Mr. O'Brien got an opportunity for making his speech on Coercion. Next day the well-drilled party was very decorous, and then most of the members vanished like the Highlanders after a battle with the Lowlanders. The House was dull without the Nationalists, but it was unnecessary to sing "Will ye no come back again?" Back they will come at their own time.

Ballykilbeg's Successor.

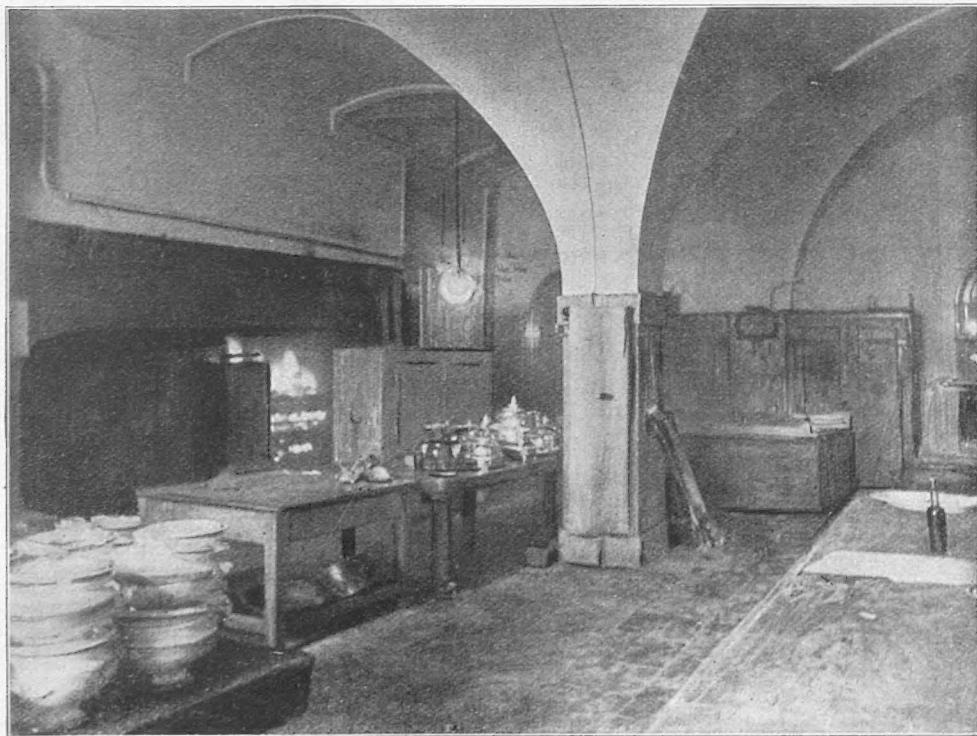
Mr. Sloan, who has succeeded Mr. Johnston of Ballykilbeg in the representation of South Belfast, has already shown that he is a man of individuality. His Protestantism is as aggressive as Mr. Johnston's, and he is as bold in speech as any of the Catholic Nationalists. Judging from Mr. Sloan's first appearance, the House will be lively when he intervenes. He pays the Nationalists in their own coin, and he has plenty of it. A working-man sitting amongst men of fashion, he makes himself very much at home, and the House is interested in him. When he and Mr. Willie Redmond come to oratorical blows the contest will be watched with amusement.

Another Orchid.

The orchid has been so long associated with Mr. Chamberlain that any Member of Parliament who wears the flower is regarded as venturesome. Mr. Lockie, the new member for Devonport, is not afraid of rivalry. He wore an orchid when he took his seat. Mr. Chamberlain glanced at the flower with some interest, but probably he did not discuss it when the winner of Devonport was introduced to him behind the Speaker's chair. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lockie will keep up the orchid's Parliamentary reputation.

The Lord Mayor's Kitchen.

The Mansion House kitchen of necessity conjures up visions of Aldermanic banquets, and a glimpse of the interior does not belie the suggestion in the matter of dimensions. It is naturally a room of considerable size, though it is not possible for all the preparations for the largest banquets to be made in it. Among its most notable features are two ranges, one of which is sixteen feet long, so that a baron of beef weighing from a hundred and forty to a hundred and eighty pounds can be roasted before it. The spit, which is, perhaps, the largest in London, is worked through an ingenious application of machinery by the up-draught and the smoke through the chimney. In addition to several large wooden tables, there are two steam steel tables for keeping the dishes hot, while the plates are warmed in three enormous closets, each of which is capable of holding eighteen hundred plates. Even those five thousand and odd, however, sometimes prove too few for the needs of a great banquet, and have to be eked out with others of a commoner type, unadorned with the Arms of the City, which is the regular decoration of the Mansion House service. All the pots are copper lined with tin, and it goes without the saying that they are kept as bright as copper can be made by the servants who work under Mr. Thomas Edward Straw, who has been the *chef* to succeeding Lord Mayors for over twenty years, though the full tale of his services at the official residence of the Chief Magistrate of the City of London reaches another decade. He has under him two cooks and a woman whose duty it is to wash up, but they have normally to meet the requirements only of the Lord Mayor's family and the servants, who do not number many more than twenty.



THE LORD MAYOR'S PRIVATE KITCHEN AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Photograph by Reginald Cocks, Abingdon-on-Thames.

Lady Cecil Scott-Montagu.

To Lady Cecil Scott-Montagu belongs the proud distinction of having been one of the few feminine pioneers in motor-car driving. It is also whispered that she writes some of the liveliest and most brilliant articles in the *Car*, the periodical which owes its great success to the efforts of the



LADY CECIL SCOTT-MONTAGU.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

energetic Member for the Hants Division of the New Forest, aided by his able lieutenant, Mr. C. L. Freeston. Lady Cecil, who is the eldest daughter of Lord Lothian, became the wife of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's eldest son and heir thirteen years ago. She shares all her husband's outdoor pursuits, as well as love for literature and music. Their place in the New Forest has now been for some time a great house of call for drivers of motor-cars, and nothing can be more luxurious and charming than the motor-stables. Lady Cecil has her own car in which she constantly drives herself to London.

The King of Portugal has now quite recovered from his illness, which was not fever, as has been currently reported, but merely influenza of a mild type. The King, however, is so stout that he has to be very careful of himself, and so wisely kept to his room. He hopes to be able to take part in the great shoot which has been organised for him by the Comte de Castellane at the Castle of Marais.

The Bears of Berne. The famous Bears of Berne are, sad to say, involved in a lawsuit. These bears belong to the town and are treated as citizens. Their ancestors at the end of the eighteenth century were left a legacy by an admirer, and, as the sum came to several millions of francs, their keepers used to enjoy themselves very much, the bears being looked upon, as minors. But after the French Revolution, General Brune, who had invaded Switzerland, walked off with the bears' property and left them penniless. Another admirer has now left them a legacy, but the bears are still unfortunate, for the parish of Porrentruy lays claim to the money and intends to bring the matter before the Law Courts.

The 1902 Brand of Champagne.

This year must be marked with a black stone in the calendar of champagne-lovers, for 1902 will be one of the very worst champagne years on record. The grapes in the champagne country have never ripened, and the *grands crus* have quite failed. Only a little ordinary wine has been made, and that will be light and acid. It is a good many years now since the champagne vintage was such an absolute failure, and it may be hoped that next season will be a bumper one.

An Imperial Argosy.

Nowadays the form of an Imperial Argosy takes that of a man-o'-war, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain will probably receive the most enthusiastic send-off ever given to a non-Royal personage from these shores. The fact that Mrs. Chamberlain is an American by birth adds a curious touch of romance to the whole proceeding, and will doubtless cause the expedition of the energetic Secretary of State for the Colonies to be regarded with much more sympathetic eyes by the great daughter nation over the sea.

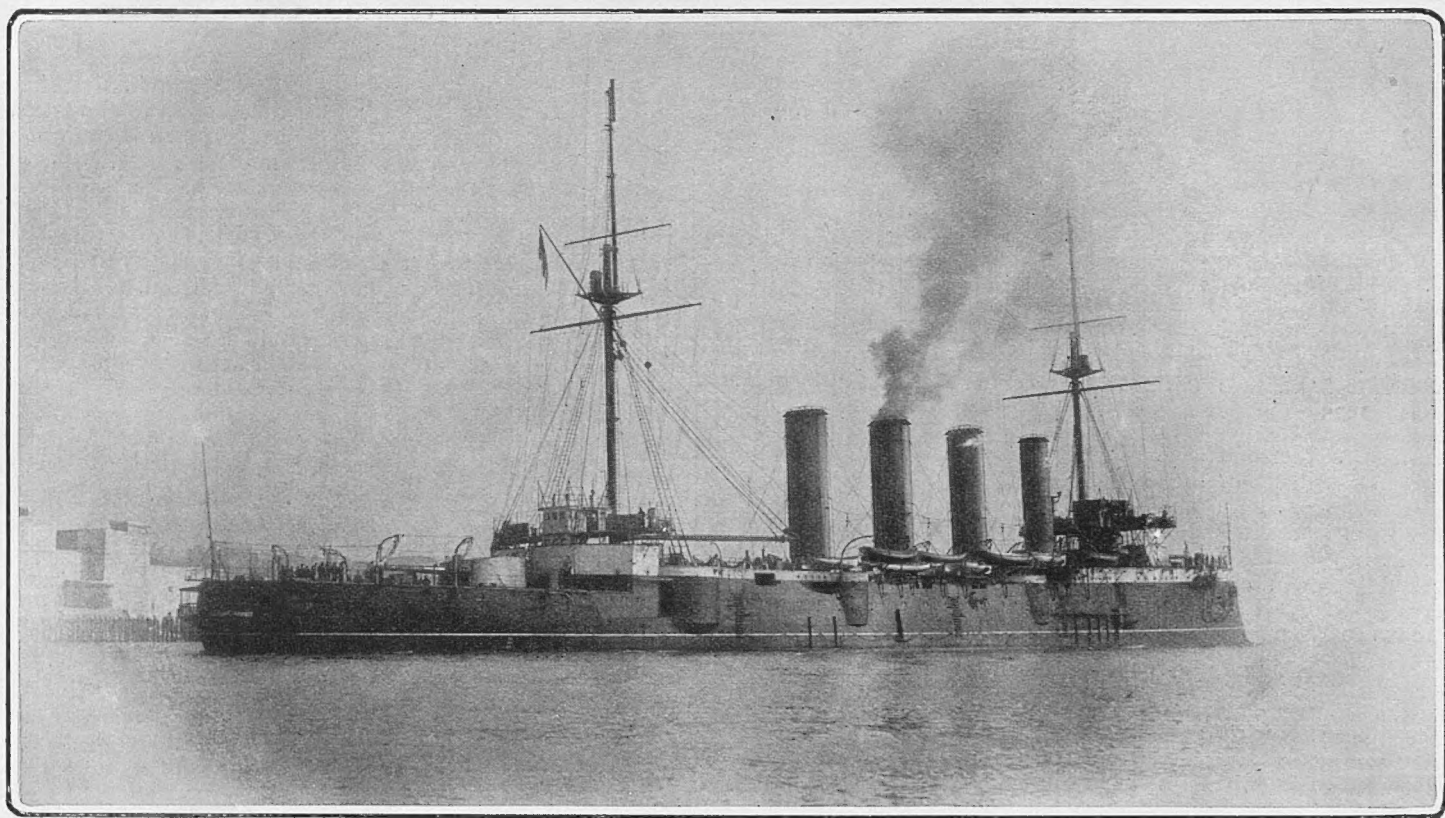
A Feminine Suggestion?

Mrs. Chamberlain is always credited with greatly influencing her famous husband's decisions. She is by far the most feminine and retiring of the group of distinguished women who nowadays play a certain part in political life; indeed, almost alone among the wives of Cabinet Ministers she has never aspired to become a great hostess or to preside over the destinies of a *salon*. It is, of course, at Highbury that the clever Secretary and his young wife are seen to most advantage. Mrs. Chamberlain is immensely popular in Birmingham, and she constantly entertains her husband's old friends, their wives and daughters. Speculation is rife in the neighbourhood of Highbury as to whether Mr. Chamberlain will arrange to take with him a special supply of orchids. In these days everything is horticulturally possible, and even Cape Town would scarcely recognise "Joe" without his

the Seymour Challenge Shield at the annual musketry course in competition with the great battleships and cruisers of the second largest British fleet in commission. Commander E. G. Barton seems to be a second Percy Scott and Captain Kane combined. When the *Espigle* was on her way to Woo-Sung she encountered a terrific typhoon, and for three days and nights it was hardly expected that the little ship could live through the terrific sea; indeed, the sad fate of her sister-ship, the *Condor*, seemed likely to overtake her. However, Commander Barton, it is said, never left the bridge till his little vessel was in safety, and his example so inspired his young and comparatively inexperienced crew that the *Espigle* eventually reached port in safety.

The German Emperor's Regiment.

Comparatively few people remembered that the three cavalry regiments of the Line represented in His Majesty's progress through London had only just returned from South Africa. The 5th Royal Irish Lancers, together with the only other cavalry "Fifth"—the Princess Charlotte of Wales's Dragoon Guards—made the single effective cavalry charge delivered during the late War, that of Elands-laagte; and Baden-Powell's old corps, the 13th Hussars of "Light Brigade" Crimean fame, has also won added distinction. The 1st (Royal) Dragoons, who followed the Household Cavalry in the Procession, were with General Buller's force in the relief of Ladysmith,



HIS MAJESTY'S CRUISER "GOOD HOPE," WHICH WILL CONVEY MR. CHAMBERLAIN TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

favourite flower, though it is on record that on his wedding-day he appeared in the little Chapel of Salem, Massachusetts, with a tiny button-hole of white violets, in deference to his wife's tastes.

The "Good Hope."

The cruiser *Good Hope*, which will convey Mr. Chamberlain to the Cape, represents the last word of the British naval constructor, for she is one of four new vessels designed as improvements on the *Powerful* and *Terrible* class. With a length of five hundred feet, her indicated horse-power is 30,000, and on her trial she attained a speed of no less than 23 knots, a greater pace than has ever been obtained from a ship of anything like her size and fighting power. She is heavily armoured and her forty-three boilers are of the Belleville type. The *Good Hope* carries also the latest things in ordnance; indeed, it is estimated that her two 9.2 guns are equal to eight of the same calibre placed on ships built less than a dozen years ago. It is a happy coincidence that the ship is in a sense the property of the Cape Government, for, while the Admiralty built the vessel at a cost of something like a million pounds, the Colonists are contributing £30,000 a-year as interest on the capital expended.

The Cruise of the "Espigle."

In the present stirring times in the East and elsewhere, little or no notice has been taken of the addition to the British squadron in Chinese waters of such a tiny vessel as the *Espigle* sloop. That, however, is not the fault of the ship or of her gallant crew, for within five months of her being commissioned, two of which were occupied in "getting on the station," the ship's company of a few score men has carried off

and afterwards saw a great deal of arduous service. The Kaiser is, of course, their Colonel-in-Chief, and the regiment brought home for his acceptance one of those curious and now rare animals known as the "wildebeeste," a quaint mixture of buffalo and antelope. In consequence of the Emperor's expected visit to Shorncliffe to inspect his regiment, the "Royals" were granted only six days' furlough, and the Emperor's coming is being looked forward to with feelings of unmingled satisfaction. It may be recalled that since his appointment to the Colonelcy of the "Royals" the Kaiser has never omitted to send a gilt laurel wreath to decorate the regiment's standard on the anniversary of Waterloo.

An Imperial Sportsman.

The German Emperor has just celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his career as a sportsman. Germany being the classic land of statistics, it is scarcely surprising that an exact record should have been kept of His Majesty's "bags." It is announced, on the basis of official figures, that since he started shooting and hunting, thirty years ago, the Emperor has accounted for no less than 44,443 head of game.

Mr. Hall Caine.

I have received a letter from Mr. Hall Caine in which the eminent author takes exception to some of the remarks printed beneath the pictures of himself that recently appeared as one of *The Sketch* Photographic Interviews. As may be readily understood, it is not always easy to fit the exact words to each of these pictures. My interviewer did his best, but it is only fair to Mr. Caine to say that the lines came from the interviewer and not from the interviewee.

The Whaddon Chase Foxhounds.

The Whaddon Chase pack is the oldest in Bucks, and the Master, Mr. W. Selby-Lowndes, a member of one of the most ancient families of the county. He and his family are keen riders to hounds, and a large stud is kept up at Whaddon Hall, near which place the hounds are kennelled. The country hunted is similar to that of the Rothschild Staghounds, pasture and plough, field and furrow, intersected by brooks and stiff fences which must be negotiated if the sportsman would live with the

of Ireland where grouse would flourish if they were left in peace and a little draining and burning were practised; at present, the poacher runs at large over all but the most valuable and best-preserved sporting estates. Yet what is true of Ireland to-day was true of Scotland one hundred years ago. Landlords were poor as church mice, deer-forests fetched nothing, the deer perished by scores in very severe winters because of the failure of the natural food-supply and the lack of any substitute. Young Highlanders banded together and shot deer under the eyes of the few foresters and gamekeepers employed by the forest-owners. Nowadays, it may be said without fear of contradiction that the season in Scotland for the three months beginning with August brings half-a-million pounds into the country. In the course of time, Ireland would get a six-figure income, too, and the natives would soon learn to see that their best interests kept them from poaching. At present, land is cheap enough in Ireland, and it seems unlikely that the most ardent foes of the Saxon would agitate against a man who preserved game, and thereby gave work and wage to a large body of natives.

"Lafayette." This week's "Art in Photography" shows some fine studies from the studio of Messrs. Lafayette and Co. This firm has long ago established its claim to be considered one of the very first in the photographic world.

The "Woman in the Moon." The "Man in the Moon" is well known to all of us, but a writer in an American paper declares that those who look carefully will see not only a man, but a woman in the moon, so that the Old Man is evidently married. The "Woman in the Moon" is a person of very beautiful, classic features, with a mass of black hair from which hangs a delicate bridal-veil. It is not easy to make her out at first, but, as an aid to distinguishing her, it should be remembered that her hair is what we have hitherto called the "Man in the Moon," and is made up of the Sea of Serenity and the Sea of Tranquillity. This is not quite the time of year for an examination of the moon, but, no doubt, the frosty nights in winter-time will enable many to trace the features of the "Woman in the Moon."

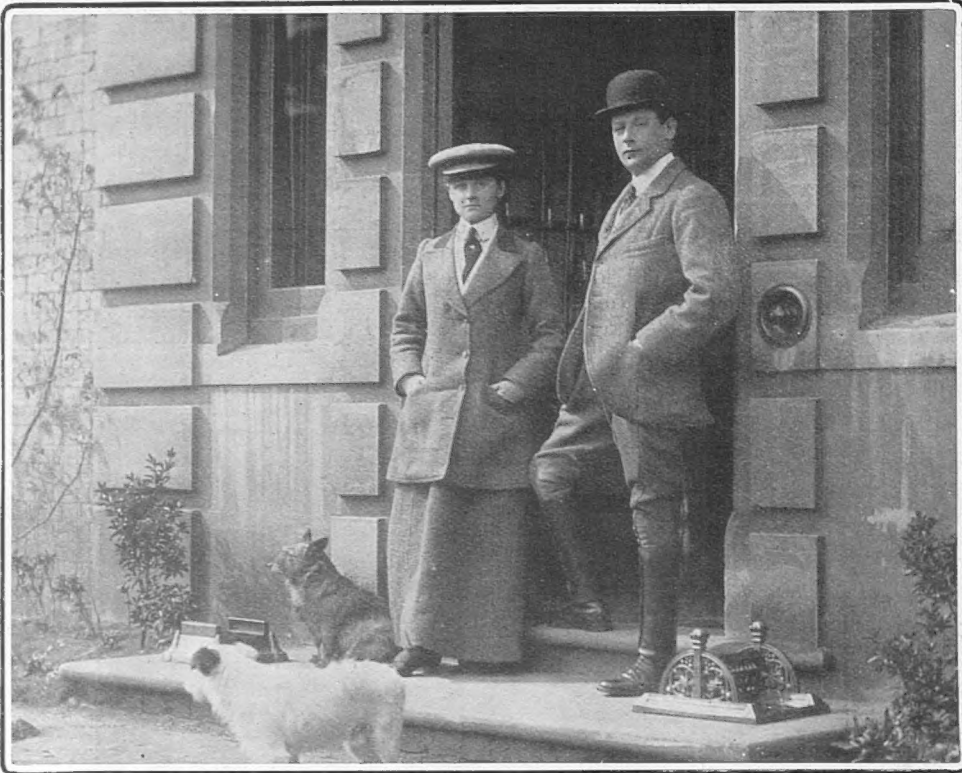
The New Irish Under-Secretary.

Sir Antony MacDonnell, the new Under-Secretary for Ireland, is a Roman Catholic Irish landlord who has spent nearly forty years in the Indian Civil Service. Most of his time was spent in Bengal, where he has been Secretary of the Revenue and of the General Departments and Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. But he has also been Chief Commissioner in Burmah, Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, Home Secretary to the Supreme Government, and a member of the Viceregal Council. After this splendid record of work in India, he retired last November, and was recently appointed to a seat on the Council of India. Sir Antony is a hard worker and a man of great determination, both of which qualities will undoubtedly stand him in good stead in Ireland.

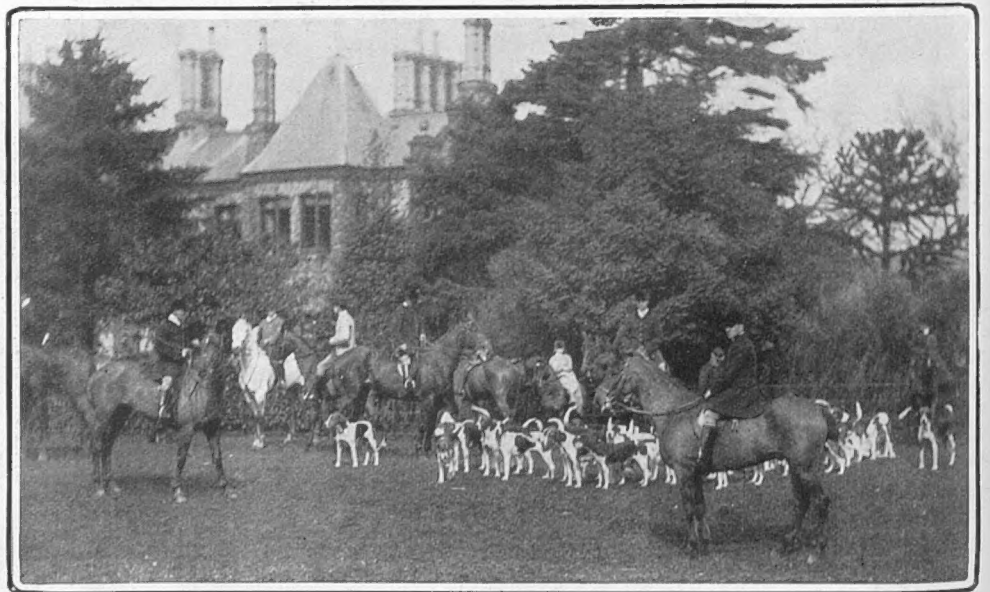
*Wanted—
"M.F.H.'s."*

Now that the hunting season has commenced in earnest and there is no further call for daylight meetings for the benefit of the cubs, one is struck by the long list of changes in Masterships. Outwardly, fox-hunting is in a more flourishing state than ever. Subscriptions do not grow smaller, fields are larger, and foxes do not show a very decided tendency to diminish. The demand for hard, fearless riders is not likely to diminish, and the hunting-field is recognised as the best training-ground for soldiers. In spite of these aspects of hunting, it is clear that the position of the "M.F.H." is not a happy one. He has to contend with the increase of barbed wire and ever-growing claims for compensation. The days have passed when a Hunt dinner or ball could spread good-feeling far and wide, and when a brace or two of pheasants sent by the Master to a farmer consoled the latter for Reynard's nightly prowls round his fowl-runs. Then, again, the increasing size of fields tends to increase the tension between farmers and the Hunt. A Master and the more experienced of his followers can go over arable land with a minimum of damage that the farmer does not resent; the Cockneys and the countless folk who think they know far more about hunting than any "M.F.H." can make the presence of the Hunt an absolute menace to the farmer's interests. Hence disputes, bad feeling, occasional vulpicide, general trouble, and a vacancy in the ranks of Masters.

Why not Ireland? Why is no proper attempt made to preserve on a large scale in Ireland? There are hundreds of thousands of acres where the deer would thrive, countless thousands of acres of moorland where grouse might be reared, and a few years of successful preserving would do so much for landlords that they could return to their property and cease to be absentees. I know one or two of the wilder parts



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ORKNEY AT WING LODGE.
Photograph by Newman, Berkhamsted.



A MEET OF THE WHADDON CHASE FOXHOUNDS AT WING LODGE.
Photograph by Newman, Berkhamsted.

WITH THE WHADDON CHASE FOXHOUNDS.



THE MASTER ARRIVES AT WING LODGE



AT WING LODGE: REFRESHMENTS FOR THE HUNTSMEN.



THE STIRRUP-CUP.



A MEET AT GUY'S FARM, WHITCHURCH.



INTRODUCING HIM TO THE SPORT: A BUCKS FARMER AND HIS SON.



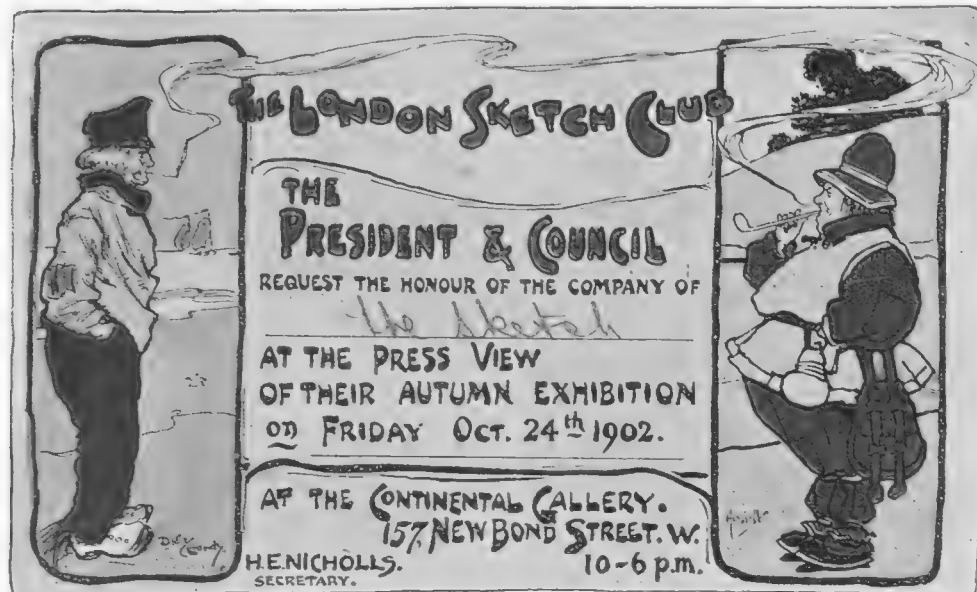
A MEET AT SOULBURY CHURCH.

London Sketch Club.

Brilliant execution and pervading cleverness are marked characteristics of the autumn show of the London Sketch Club, at the Continental Gallery, Bond Street, where this ingenious group of artists has found a new home. An innovation has been made in supplementing the two hours'

Scottish Forests and Moors.

I took advantage of an opportunity that occurred in a recent journey to town, at the close of a week-end's shooting, to discuss the season in Scotland with a friend who has been shooting there for some twelve weeks. As he has travelled from Highlands to Lowlands and is as much a naturalist as a sportsman, there was plenty to talk about. The grouse-disease has not been prevalent in any district to which sport took him, and, though birds are not so plentiful as they were last year, rents are still rising and there is no sign that the highest figures have been reached. The reason is not far to seek. Many owners of deer-forests and grouse-moors who have been in the habit of letting their shooting since the prices rose have been enabled at last to set their houses in order, to pay off mortgages, and generally to restore their positions. Now that they are free from financial embarrassments, they are disposed to get the best of their shooting back into their own hands, and this desire—quite a natural one, after all—acts automatically upon prices. A tenant who hears that his lease will not be renewed, and knows how difficult it will be to get suited elsewhere, tries to secure a further term by offering a bigger rent, and, as there is a point at which most men allow business to overrule sentiment, he generally succeeds. On this account, the rents will be higher in the aggregate next year than they have ever been before, though at present nobody can tell what the season will be like.



sketches, whose production constitutes the main object of the Club, by others made in more artistically favourable, if, perhaps, less stimulating circumstances. Though the show is strengthened in this way, it is not quite a satisfactory change, for there is a special interest attaching to work done in the peculiar conditions under which the Club holds its evening meetings, while sketches made direct from Nature attract by qualities of their own. Moreover, the two hours' work now challenges comparison with that done in the ordinary way, and not infrequently suffers in consequence. In the absence of any indication in the catalogue, it is not always easy to determine how the work was done, but it is very evident that several of the pictures occupied a good deal more than two hours. Yet, if one did not know the contrary, one might well imagine that Mr. G. C. Haité's "A Bit of Holland" took him some days, so full is it of spirited detail, such as typical barges, figures, and a windmill, and, if his extraordinary speed were not known, it might be difficult to believe that so much could be got into two hours. His other work, "Market-Day, Dordrecht," was probably done on the spot, and, on the whole, I think it preferable, for there are indications of closer observation in the figures, vegetables, and other characteristic accessories. Mr. Tom Browne is very strongly represented, and whether we are looking at his picturesque Dutch "Gossips," his Boulogne Milk-seller, accompanied by goats and a dog, or his "Dignity and Impudence," in which a juvenile crossing-sweeper shoulders his broom in mimicry of a smart Life Guardsman, we cannot help being influenced by the contagious humour of the work. Another painter whose irrepressible mirth steals out from the point of his brush is Mr. Starr Wood, and his "Knock Turn in Crimson and Gold" illustrates not only his own sense of humour but that of the whole Club, since it certainly would not have hung his irreverent caricatures of so many of its members if it had not been well endowed with the spirit of fun. Mr. Dudley Hardy appears in an unfamiliar light with some sketches of rich Oriental colour, which have an old-masterly look that is much enhanced by their frames. Some pleasing representations of girls and children surrounded by foliage, the work of Mr. Lee Hænkey, a sparkling sea-view by Mr. H. K. Rooke, a clever study of a girl in brown by Mr. J. Hassall, a Norfolk landscape of excellent tone by Mr. Montague Smyth, and a poetical evening effect with sheep by Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove are among other works that call for admiration. Mr. Murdoch Wright, Mr. Adrian Jones, Mr. Champion Jones, Mr. L. Thackeray, Mr. Macandrew, Mr. van Havermaet, and Mr. René Bull may also be complimented on their contributions.

I am asked to state that a portrait that appeared recently in *The Sketch* was incorrectly described as the picture of the Hon. Violet Monckton, and that the statement made in the accompanying paragraph with reference to Miss Violet Monckton's property was also incorrect.



FOREIGN GUEST: *I not spik ze English goot.*
HORSEY FRIEND: *You'll soon pick it up staying with me. Sure to jib a bit at first, but it'll be all right when you get into your stride.*

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Musicians on Bones and Bread.

I am glad to see that the musicians in the theatres and music-halls have the sympathy of the Parisian in their rise against their directors (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The two thousand musicians employed by the places of amusement, and who threaten a general strike, are possibly the worst-paid men that were ever expected to dress respectably for their work. The higher-class houses can afford, or do afford, a hundred francs a-month—less than a pound a-week. For this the musicians are the servants of the theatre from year's end to year's end. There is no pay for afternoon rehearsals and none for those that extend into the small hours of the morning. Any little attempt to make ends meet by giving a lesson—for many are Conservatoire men who have honourably passed—is badly viewed by the conductor, generally of German origin. It is the first strike threatened in Paris by a talented class of the small bourgeoisie, and I am among those who hope that a happy *raison d'être* may be arrived at. Half-a-crown's pay for a full day's work, to say nothing of the cost of a dress-shirt, is a thing that should not serve as the musical fringe to a roisterous opera, where the finest wines, the richest viands, spread out on the stage, feast the eye. It is a distinct temptation to the orchestra, and may finish badly if the second bass peeps up.

Triumph to Triumph.

It must be some four years ago that I went to the Gymnase to see "Rosine," by Alfred Capus. It struck me as one of the most exquisite plays I had ever seen, and it was impossible to understand why the Gymnase, which had been running through a bad season, had kept this to, within a few days of the summer closing. The Press was unanimous in its favour, but Franck followed out and carried out his programme when the theatre re-opened. I wonder what he would give for a *première* of "Rosine" now. Capus absolutely holds Paris with his "La Veine," "Les Deux Ecoles," and "Le Petit Fonctionnaire," but never has Bernhardt, even on the historic night of the production of "L'Aiglon," attracted such an extraordinarily fashionable audience as did Guitry for the opening of the Renaissance with Capus' "La Châtelaine." It was the most gorgeous muster of fair women with glowing toilettes that imagination could desire. The play is distinctly of the English school of the finest English comedy. I could not help thinking of "New Men and Old Acres" here and there, and with a strong influence of Sheridan elsewhere. Jane Hading was superb in pathos, and Guitry was as masterly as in his Bernhardt days.

Another Illusion.

It would be difficult to give an idea of the bitterness of the Parisian towards the Boers. The visit of Generals De Wet, Delarey, and Botha was a dead failure; but the enthusiasts saw in the inauguration of the Villebois-Mareuil statue, with the presence of the Generals, the chance of a national demonstration. When their presence was excused by a brief telegram from England, the wrath was great of the French agitators. If the King came to Paris, he would break world's records in popularity, and there is no more certain indication of this than the splendid telegraphic accounts published daily of every Royal movement and the compliments paid to the King and Queen.

Paris Police.

Young English novelists have lost valuable territory through the Boulaine escape. As I am informed by a pretty sure source, there will in the near future be no picturesque names of Macé, Cochefort, Rossignol to indicate the

supreme intelligence of French detectivedom. The safety of Paris will in future be guarded by a number of Brigades, and the "Hawkshaw the detective" individuals who have brought such scorn on the Paris police will receive their just dues.

"What's in a Name?"

The mind of the French novelist is pained for the moment. While his English *confrère* loves to construct for villages picturesque names, the French writer very rarely gives way to imagination, and prefers to describe the place inch by inch and with all possible local colour by its own appellation. Pierre Decourcelle, the famous author of the

An Imperial Birthday.

The Imperial Family was assembled in its entirety on the occasion of the forty-fourth birthday of the Empress (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It was generally remarked that Her Majesty is looking better than she has done at any time since her gravely prolonged illness of last year. This being so, the congratulations of the Court were more than usually heart-felt, whilst the celebration of the anniversary was on a scale of unwonted grandeur. In the evening, a ball, to which two hundred invitations had been issued, was given in the fairy Shell Room of the New Palace at Potsdam. The dancing was left, of course, to the younger generation, of whom none were more energetic than the Crown Prince and his younger brothers. The Emperor, in General's uniform, and the Empress, who was clad in a charming dress of rose silk, remained interested spectators of the animated scene until long after midnight.

Royal Visits.

After the dance the Imperial Family dispersed to various quarters of the Empire. Prince and Princess Henry returned to Darmstadt, where, with the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, they are the guests of the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Crown Prince conducted his younger brother, Prince Eitel Friedrich, to Bonn, where the ceremony of his immatriculation at the University was performed on Wednesday with much pomp and circumstance. Prince Eitel Fritz will live in the villa purchased for the heir to the throne during the years of his academic career. It is interesting in this connection to note the fact that exactly twenty-five years have elapsed since the Emperor was immatriculated at the Bonn University.

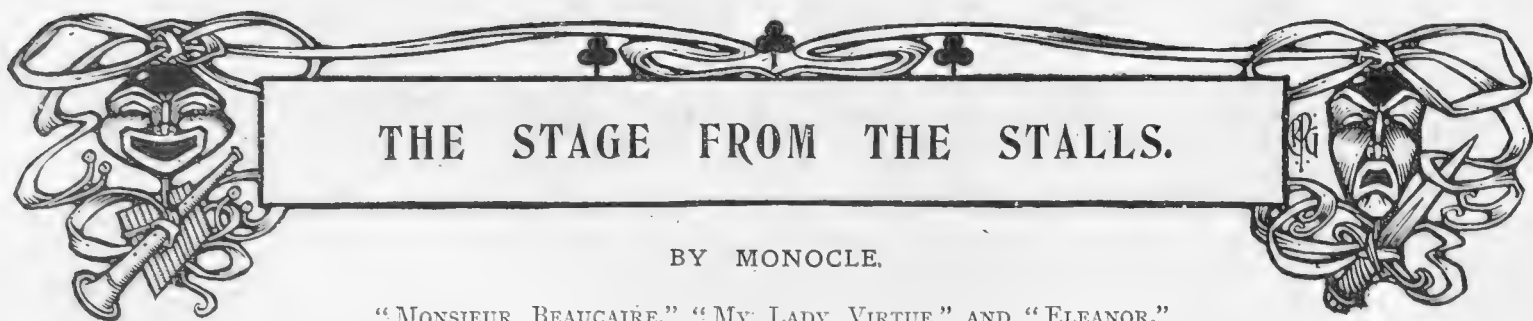
"Conciliation."

Berlin this week has been entertaining two interesting guests, the Crown Prince of Denmark and Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The visit

of the Crown Prince marks the definite renunciation by the Danish Court of the sentiment of hostility entertained towards Germany ever since the war of 1864, that of Sarah Bernhardt the abandonment of her vow never to visit Germany until Alsace and Lorraine should have been restored to France. Whilst the Crown Prince of Denmark, who, by the way, is expected, with the Emperor, to be an interested spectator of the performance of the Diva before her departure, has been greeted with unalloyed tokens of satisfaction, due to the hope that nevermore will Copenhagen be the scene of anti-German diplomatic plots, the criticisms of Sarah Bernhardt have exhibited traces of the prejudices created by her boycott of the German stage. Notwithstanding this, the victory gained by the "divine Sarah" over the Berlin public has been complete. She was the object of much heroine worship on the part of the lady members of the Press.



A MODEL.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE," "MY LADY VIRTUE," AND "ELEANOR."

"MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE" and "My Lady Virtue" form a curious contrast. The former, one might say, is wholly unscrupulous; it does not really aim any more at representing life in the eighteenth than the twentieth century. People did not behave like that then, never did, and never will; it was rather foolish of the critics to trouble themselves about the question of human nature in "Monsieur Beaucaire," and few did. To be indignant because the French Prince who is supposed to act quixotically really behaves like a bounder is to ignore the rules of the game. The play is an agreeable rattle with no pretence at reality. The morals and manners of the characters bear the same relation to life as do their clothes, which are always new and clean, though umbrellas were not invented, the roads were ill-made, the country was poorer, and the cost of costumes vastly greater than nowadays. People sometimes say that the critics are *blasé* or jaded, and this is true and untrue. By an ingenious costume-play like "Monsieur Beaucaire," which has no touch of genius, the constant playgoer may be bored whilst the casual is charmed. We have seen all this kind of thing often before; the very secrets of it have no mystery for us; it is merely a new game with old puppets in the doll's-house of our youth, and, like a Heine who had not breath enough left to hiss a new comedy by Scribe—alas that I cannot reproduce the *finesse* of the phrase—one does not feel strongly enough to become critically indignant about it. Yet, as one of the nation of shopkeepers whose trade is supposed to be going away, I am bound to recommend the wares of the Comedy Theatre. After all, the first Act begins quite finely, and throughout there is a little dignity of dialogue, and, chiefest factor of all, "Monsieur Beaucaire" will delight all the lazy playgoers, and they are nine out of ten. Moreover, Mr. Waller's Beaucaire is a very clever piece of work. I see that one critic complains that his French accent is not good; but, as a man who for many years past has heard French spoken every day of his life, I can say that Mr. Waller's French accent is a great deal better than the English accent of most of our players, and certainly far too good for any, save a native, to detect any badness. He is clever, in the humour shown by him, and quite impressive; indeed, his performance is of remarkable ability and almost fascinating—almost, because the old dilemma concerning the age of the actress who plays Juliet enters into the question to some extent. Miss Grace Lane is a charming, able young actress, and some exaggerate the resemblance of her style to that of Mrs. Kendal—and to resemble her would be a virtue—but artificial parts such as that of Lady Mary require more than prettiness, intelligence, and skill: they demand a force which is not at her command.

One deals with Mr. Esmond's play quite differently. It professes to present real people, and not merely to put stage types in action. Playgoers ask one another sharply whether Lady Ernestine really would have handed over the compromising letter, and some say "no" partly because they confuse "she would not" with "she should not": it is easy to fancy that people would only behave as we think that they ought. However, Mr. Esmond believes in her, and we have to discuss the piece on the supposition that he, at least, thinks that his creatures obey the laws of their nature and not the conventions of the stage. Some dramatists pretend to themselves as well as to the world that their plots arise from the characters and not the characters from the plot. Shakspeare, roughly speaking, was content to work backwards and to build people to carry out his schemes, and I believe that our dramatists deceive themselves when they think that they work the other way about, and possibly Mr. Esmond deludes himself on this point. At any rate, in "My Lady Virtue" we are all interested in real questions of morals and manners. I believe that the young wife was mistaken as to her motive, and that what she thought was conscience and a craving for truth was really a feeling with ugly determining elements in it. Nothing is easier than to persuade ourselves that we have good motives for bad conduct.

Still, the most interesting and entertaining are the bad people of the play, and the third Act, up to the rather forced "curtain," is one of the cleverest and most amusing given for a long time; it is difficult to see the limits of a man capable of writing such an Act, since real observation, sincerity, and fine stage-craft are combined in it. Every time Basker—acted very cleverly by Mrs. Calvert—opens her mouth, even when it is only to put figs into it, the house laughs; yet she says and does nothing which, apart from the circumstances, would be amusing. She is a perfectly drawn, natural creature, who on most occasions would be a bore, but in the deftly written scene her simplest acts and words are humorous. Moreover, with the nicest art, this unforced comic scene is used as a means of presenting important information to the audience. Technically, it is a triumph, and one

has only to compare it with the scenes in "Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss," where Mr. Buist is used as a means of giving the information which in old-fashioned plays would be conveyed by a monologue, to see how brilliant is Mr. Esmond's technique in this Act. No doubt, the play is very uneven; indeed, it begins with a very long-drawn-out scene of feminine cackle, and throughout there is a little too much development of minor character, as, for instance, in the parts capably acted by Mr. Nigel Playfair and Mr. Holman Clark. Yet one feels that these, and, indeed, nearly all the characters, are well delineated because they are all so well acted. This sounds a little rude to the players, but it is the fact that though triumphs are won sometimes in stagey parts, yet, as a rule, there will be a direct ratio between the goodness of a character and the appearance of merit in its performance. Again "Beucaire" helps as a comparison, for in it there are at least half-a-dozen excellent players who have fairly long parts and yet are barely noticeable.

The end of the piece may seem unsatisfactory to many: there is no real look of "happy ever after" for either of the chief couples, and a certainty of much annoyance from the scandals scotched but not killed. To me, this is not an objection, since I do not see the need for "rounding off" a play: better, I think, no ending than a forced conclusion. Taken as it is, the play is very interesting, and at times intensely amusing, and, as modern drama stands, far above anything now in our London theatres. Of course, Miss Eva Moore plays charmingly, and yet without quite all the necessary force, and Mr. Bouchier, as a kind of subtler, more humorous Jim Blagden, acts brilliantly, whilst there is cleverness in the Bohemian creature of Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

It seems a pity that a praiseworthy attempt like that of Mrs. Ward's to avoid the commonplace of the stage should have resulted in such a dull piece as "Eleanor," which is so laudable in intention that for a long time one is blind to the weakness of execution. Indeed, if the authoress had been more merciful and kept her dialogue within reasonable limits, we might have fancied that there was success in her effort to write a play of character. Of course, "Eleanor" is an effort to begin at the top of the ladder. The ablest and most experienced might have shrunk from the task of writing on a matter so bare of interest in incident and plot. To interest people by the mere presentation of character on the stage is the greatest and the most difficult triumph of the playwright. In fact, many successful playwrights never succeeded in really presenting a human being of any complexity, and, with nearly all, the proportion of lay to living figures is very high. Who, then, can wonder that Mrs. Ward has fallen far short of her aim? Her characters, even her Eleanor, are not real. They talk and talk, and we learn much about their circumstances without ever getting a true glimpse of their hearts. The dramatist, doubtless, had a clear concept, but, so far as the stage is concerned, she is like one with rebellious hands trying to draw something that he can see. Eleanor might have been a flesh-and-blood creature if handled by one or two of our masters, and not the mere talking automaton of the Court Theatre, to which even the remarkable acting of Miss Marion Terry did not give life. Poor Miss Terry! What a cruel task, to have thousands of words to say but no speech that would ring effectively on the stage! Certainly, she acted with amazing skill to avoid monotony; but, of course, the impossible was beyond her.

However, I should like to see an original play by Mrs. Ward, for it must be admitted that failure in an adaptation does not prove everything, since to make a good play out of a book is more difficult than to write an original work. Probably in "Eleanor" the priest is an interesting, useful creature; on the stage he becomes a tedious person without whom the play could progress easily. It seems almost impossible for the adapter to be ruthless enough to the novel, and he generally sacrifices the drama to the book. One can see, without knowing the novel at all, little bits that Mrs. Ward has dragged in, as, for instance, the matter relating to Edward's attitude to Catholicism, which is startling, improbable, and quite needless so far as the play is concerned. Strange but sad, the scene that took the house was the melodramatic business of the mad sister, which any of our ordinary playwrights could have conceived. Here was real sensationalism, and Miss Elizabeth Robins played her part with remarkable skill in suggesting the madness. Miss Braithwaite, the Lucy, acted some of her scenes charmingly, but at times there was a curious hesitation and uncertainty, perhaps in part due to the needless burden of an American accent. The bright moments of the afternoon were due to Miss Rosina Filippi's admirable acting as the one merry or sensible person of the play.



MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE AS THE BOER GENERAL IN "THE BEST OF FRIENDS,"
AT DRURY LANE.

Photograph by Histed, Baker Street, W.

M. DE BLOWITZ,

THE WORLD-FAMOUS PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF THE "TIMES."

AFTER thirty long years of work for the *Times*, Henri Georges Stephane Adolphe Oppert de Blowitz contemplates his retirement. Seventy years on the shoulders, and with afflicted eyesight, had long prepared his friends for his resolution, and it is possible that it would have come many years ago but for the death of Madame de Blowitz, which was an incalculable blow to him and wedded him more keenly to his work than ever. He is one of the most marked silhouettes on the boulevards. Descending with caution at half-past five at the *Times* office, on the Boulevard des Capucines, he walks carefully and with regular steps to the entrance. Two fingers are generally lost in the front of his waistcoat, and sometimes jauntily in a pocket of his vest. Even those who had no idea that it was the "Thunderer" of the "Thunderer" would turn to note the strangely fitting, copious collars and the curiously made white waistcoat, which resembled a mask, so completely was his face hidden as he followed his cane, for that seemed to be what he was being fascinated by. A tap on the shoulder from some friend whom he would have willingly avoided in his short walk across the asphalt of the boulevard—any encounter, however friendly—the finest of woman-like hands is extended, and the other held out in seignorial, with a dash even of tragedy, and his famous side-whiskers (to risk a vulgarism) seem to take part in every changing mood. But always the words of the hand and the emphatic movements of the shoulders. Affable and bowing, but with a stern silence, he dismisses the crowd in the courtyard, who dare not ask for a private rendezvous, but who have been marvellous listeners to tales by tattlers. His office is simplicity itself. It lies just high enough from the roar of the boulevard, which comes up as a lulling refrain, but the trees almost enter and it is cool and fragrant. The eyesight is, alas, affected, and it is painful for him to speak to those who are unaware of it. With a chair drawn almost to his knees he will speak with pleasure to anyone, but to the nervous man who hides himself in the most remote seat it is very painful for him to converse. It is only with hesitation that he uses English. French is his favoured tongue, and he is partial to German; but, although he will listen easily to English, his reply is given in French, and even on the most trivial subject with the hesitation that would be devoted to an article. He is never glib in reply, and his most famous apropos have been made when he has been lost in apparent wonderment at the tapping of the finger-tips of his two hands. His famous *Times* correspondence that is known only in Chancelleries and Palaces, as they imagine, is handed over to Mr. Alger, who treats it in translation into English with a conscientiousness worthy of his master. His work for the hour finished, M. de Blowitz quietly gets back to the throbbing boulevard, and, with his hands behind him this time, turns into the Marché St. Honoré to feast his eyes on the charcuterie shops. He is a master purchaser there and is respectfully known by every keeper. His vast experience that has left no capital with a mystery has left friendly memories of certain dishes, and he is very happy when the strange cheese of Germany, the caviar of Russia in full season, a little bit of

York ham, even a haddock, and strangely worded dishes from Italy are carefully packed in his brougham. I believe that M. de Blowitz calls this friendly little dinner all to himself a "nosegay of Europe's kitchens." Here I may mention that M. de Blowitz is a total abstainer. A special waiter is told off, and the quickness of the hand has always deceived the eye. And, still rambling, de Blowitz is probably the most perfect proposer of a toast that it has ever been my lot to hear. A speech is prepared; but the toast is the most mildewed, fly-blown expression added to any language's shame. Anyone who has ever heard his health proposed by de Blowitz is inches taller for it, and his wife welcomes him the better when he can recall two or three phrases in her honour. A personal friend of the late George Augustus Sala told

me once of the impression that de Blowitz made on him at a big reception at the Elysée. "Heavens!" said Sala; "we Specials are all paid Ambassadors' salaries, but de Blowitz is treated by the Ambassadors as though he were greater than they were!" And this was true. The Ambassadors and Chancellors always rise on the entrance of de Blowitz, and he is comfortably seated in a specially placed chair before they resume their position. The same respect has always been paid in journalistic circles, and at all banquets, or even concerts, the announcement of his entrance was a signal for a dead silence and a general respectful salute. Although he is justly proud of his great *coup* in having secured beforehand the Treaty of Berlin, de Blowitz has nothing of the modern American journalist in his character. On one occasion he had a long audience with the Pope Leo XIII., which had been arranged by a friend of mine. M. de Blowitz took it to be an interview, but on a note from the Vatican he tore it into a thousand atoms, and, as a gentleman, accepted it as a friendly conversation. Latterly his private life has been very modified, and, except for a few very dear old friends who remembered Thiers and Gambetta, he was rarely at home. There the dinner was only an excuse for the chat between the pear and the cheese, as



M. DE BLOWITZ ON THE WAY TO HIS OFFICE.

the French have it. His life was cut into four—the morning with the world's Press, an hour with his well-beloved pictures, books, and dogs, the *Times* office, and then, till the light began to fail, a *première* at a great theatre.

There was much that was misunderstood in the public life of de Blowitz. His enemies of the cosmopolitan order persisted in asserting that he was a Jew, and that he was influenced in his writing by Jewish syndicates. De Blowitz is not a Jew, and is a Roman Catholic, belonging to the Passionist Fathers' Church of the Avenue Hoche. His wife's confessor was Father Mathew Kelly, for a long time the private priest of the Comte de Paris. As I write, the *Times* has taken no decision, so little anxious is it to lose such a great servant, but I am afraid that there can be no doubt that in a time of quiet waters M. de Blowitz has taken a final decision. His brother journalists of Paris, representing all countries, are convened to arrange a grand banquet and to consider the presentation worthy of their great colleague.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

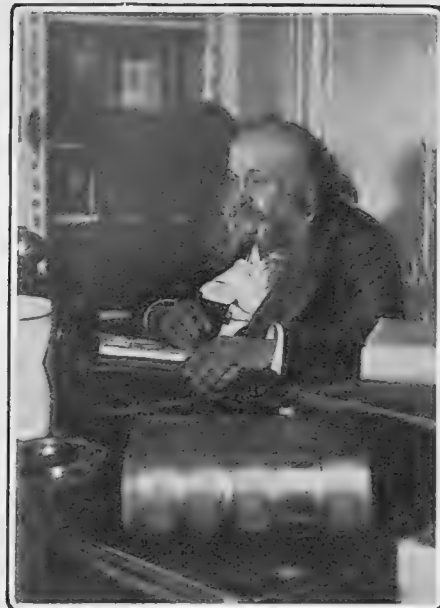
XX.—M. DE BLOWITZ.



"GOOD-MORNING. I'M AFRAID I'M RATHER A LATE RISER."



"COME INTO THE OTHER ROOM. THIS IS THE SALON PICTURE OF ME PAINTED BY M. CONSTANT."



"I ALWAYS WRITE WITH A FOUNTAIN-PEN: MOST CONVENIENT THINGS."



"AND I READ A GOOD DEAL IN MY VICTORIA."



"MY DRAWING-ROOM. NEARLY ALL THE CELEBRITIES OF THE WORLD KNOW THIS ROOM."



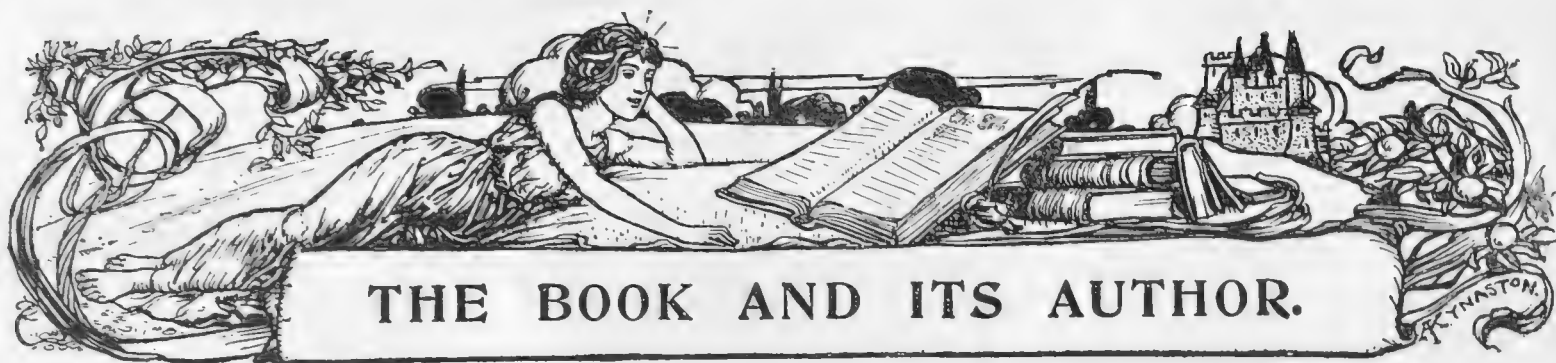
"ONE MOMENT. LET ME FINISH THIS PAGE."



"MY DEAR WIFE'S TOILET-TABLE HAS REMAINED UNTOUCHED SINCE HER DEATH."



"AU REVOIR!"



"THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE."

IN two handsome volumes Mr. Justin McCarthy presents us with a series of pictures, sometimes brilliant and always interesting, of what is generally termed the Augustan Age of English History. "The Reign of Queen Anne" (Chatto and Windus) is no dry-as-dust historical compilation, full of minute but arid detail conscientiously laboured, neither is it a work of abysmal profundity. On the contrary, the chief characteristic of the book is a certain unflinching vividness—a pictorial quality which was also found in Mr. McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" and his "History of the Four Georges and William IV." Mr. McCarthy does not seek to give us the story connected and complete in every particular, but endeavours to show us a series of episodes of determining importance—"pivotal" episodes. This is much the same as saying that he is an historical essayist rather than an historian. And, undoubtedly, most people will much prefer to read history in a series of striking word-pictures, such as those our author sets forth. Comparing "The Reign of Queen Anne" with the "History of Our Own Times"—and it is natural and, indeed, inevitable to compare them—I am not sure that I do not like the newer book the better of the two. One feels that Mr. McCarthy found the Age of Anne more congenial to him than the Age of Victoria. I suppose that the former period, with its splendid and by no means usual combination of eminence in letters and politics, had a peculiar fascination for a man of his "record," for, undeniably, he writes of it with a sympathy, a large tolerance, a sort of urbanity, not always found in the earlier work.

Mr. McCarthy paints for us on these glowing canvases of his all the great figures of the time; in the background, always in the background, of every one of these pictures stands the Queen. He sets out from the beginning to make plain how little Anne herself had to do with the greatness of her reign—

The age of Queen Anne stands out, a distinct epoch in the history of the world. It takes rank with the age of Pericles in Greece, with the Augustan era in Rome, with the Elizabethan era in England. The mere mention of any one of these eras brings with it the thought of a peculiar success as great in the achievements of peace as in the achievements of war, as great in arts as in arms. But in such instances as these, when we associate an era with one name, we bear with us the natural and well-sustained impression that the owner of the name had at least something to do with the greatness of the era. When we speak of the age of Queen Anne, we cannot possibly associate the greatness of the era with any genius of inspiration coming from the woman whose name it bears. Anne was born to a great era, just as she was born to a crown, and had no more to do personally with the making of its greatness than if she had been born in a garret to a life of commonplace obscurity. Even the worst faults of Elizabeth may be seen to have had some share in creating much of the picturesque greatness which belongs to the Elizabethan age. But even the best virtues of Anne had little or nothing to do with the inspiration or the promotion of the greatness which marks her reign.

One of the best things in Mr. McCarthy's book is his portrait of Marlborough, though it, perhaps, should be said that to the great Duke's faults he is "a little blind." In considering Marlborough, of whom he declares that "England never, perhaps, had so great a soldier," he invites us to remember the old story of the two knights who quarrelled fiercely about the colour of a certain shield, which the one declared to be white, the other black, and he says the same dispute

could long be maintained with perfect sincerity by both parties about the character of Marlborough. "Concentrate your attention," says Mr. McCarthy, "on the dark side of Marlborough's character, and it may well appear all black; fasten your gaze upon the bright side, and you may become satisfied that it is all white." Which rather reminds one of a Certain Personage whom kind critics maintain to be "not so black as he's painted." Full justice is done to Marlborough's military genius, and the descriptions of the great battles in which it shone and triumphed are given with spirit and effect. The other leading figure in the politics of the time, Bolingbroke (St. John), stands out prominently in the book. In connection with him it is noted—

Down to very recent days there was hardly any line of English poetry more familiar in the mouths of men—the majority of whom, even when they quoted the line, had not the least idea of its personal application—than "The feast of reason and the flow of soul." It was St. John, the poet tells us, who "mingles with my friendly bowl" that feast of reason and flow of soul which until our own days, and quite lately, became too much the recognised property of after-dinner orators.

Besides the portraits of these two great subjects of Queen Anne, Mr. McCarthy presents us with canvases crowded with remarkable figures, notably, of course, those of the then literary world, names amongst them which will be famous so long as English Literature endures—Defoe, Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, and the rest of the glorious band. Amongst these literary presentments I like most that of Alexander Pope, in the second volume, and of Jonathan Swift, in the first. As regards the comparative merits of Addison and Steele—always a subject of keen debate—Mr. McCarthy is inclined to rate them equal; each, he says, owed much to the other.

Mr. McCarthy is to be congratulated on an able, a vivid, and a picturesque book.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, AUTHOR OF "THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE."

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

As the more advanced States set their faces against Casinos where roulette, trente-et-quarante, and baccarat may be played by the general public, smaller States endeavour to found establishments to supply the loss. At a beautiful summer resort on the Portuguese coast there was some attempt to establish a very lordly gaming-house a few years ago. The scenery of the district rivals that of Cintra; the air is bracing, the climate is admirable. There was plenty of money behind the movement, but the enemies of the chief mover in the scheme waited until he was hopelessly committed and then moved the Government to forbid any further development, so most of the financiers were very badly hit. Now an attempt is being made to establish a Casino at Corfu. A big cosmopolitan financier is at the back of the undertaking, and, at time of writing, has secured a lease from the Municipal Council of Athens. The conditions are similar to those that obtain in most places of the kind. In return for a concession for nearly forty years, the financier undertakes to erect baths, Club, reading-room, concert-hall, and Casino, to pay a moderate rent, and to hand the place over, with all its appointments, at the end of his tenancy. Unfortunately for the concessionaire, he has chosen—or has been compelled to accept—the old British Cemetery as the site of the Casino, and, naturally enough, British residents are indignant, and are moving the powers that be to annul the concession or to hand over some other site for the Casino.

THE FRESHMAN: A STUDY IN EMOTIONS.

BY AN ANCIENT DON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the impassioned outburst of "An American Mother," whose letter to the Editor of a daily paper, condemning the condition of College rooms in England, will still be remembered, the twin Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are once more full to overflowing; another Academic year, with all its joys and inconsistencies and sorrows, has dawned.

Even for the jaded third-year man, there is a certain amount of excitement connected with the beginning of term. After all, it is very much like the excitement of getting back to school and comparing notes with the other fellows as to where and how they have passed the holidays. The only differences are that, where the schoolboy talks of weeks, the undergraduate speaks of months; where the schoolboy grumbles of shillings, the undergraduate refers ruefully to pounds; where the schoolboy welcomes his chum by charging into him with lowered shoulder, the undergraduate foregoes the usual etiquette of the 'Varsity for once and, sheepily enough, offers his acquaintance a hand shaped like a leg of mutton.

But if the first day of the new Academic year quickens the stolid pulse of the third-year man, how much more is it calculated to upset the long-legged, short-trousered Freshman, who finds himself for the first time in possession of a cheque-book, a suite of rooms, and Manhood? Imagine the varied sensations that are his from the time that he lands on the platform of the railway station until he finally lays his throbbing head upon his classic pillow! Even the scene at the station exceeds, in point of glorious muddle, anything of the kind that has ever come under his notice before. He sees before him, for example, hundreds and hundreds of boxes, bags, and portmanteaux; as many cap-covered youths lounging to and fro in search of their own particular possessions; porters shouting, cabmen yelling—a very Babel. And then the Freshman throws back his head, puffs out his chest, pulls the brim of his cap a little further over his eyes, and realises that Oxford was made for the 'Varsity and that he is an Oxford Man.

And so he travels, by cab, to the College gate, where he cheerfully pays his half-crown for a half-mile ride. The Senior Porter makes obeisance (at a price), the Junior Porter shoulders his luggage (at a price), the scout collects the small articles (at a price), and he is ushered to his rooms. The servitors having been, so to speak, paid out of the room, the youth takes stock of his new quarters.

Now, without going so far as "An American Mother," it must be confessed that, at first sight, he is somewhat taken aback. He has formed his ideas of a College room, remember, partly from photographs and partly from the descriptions given him by those of his school-fellows who happen to have preceded him to the 'Varsity. He has heard of the pictures, the bookcases, the couches, the easy-chairs, the carpets, the rugs, the screens. He sees before him an apartment containing a carpet, more or less worn; some chairs, also more or less worn; a desk, an empty bookcase, a table. On looking about him more carefully, he will probably come across a few relics of the last occupant—a broken pipe, a faded photograph, a back number of the *Isis*, some half-sheets of note-paper, some empty cigarette-tins. Such things as these, of course, will not be lying on the table or on the mantelpiece; the scout, with his leisurely duster, has passed through the rooms. But they will be under the sofa or in the cupboard; no self-respecting scout would stoop to look under a sofa. As to the bedroom, the Freshman will at once try the experiment of turning round in it. If he accomplishes the feat without accident, he need have no further fears of this Monster we call Life: he will have proved his right to be looked upon as a man of enterprise and resource.

He is still making discoveries when the bell reminds him that Hall is held at seven o'clock. Hall! And he must meet the assembled College for the first time. It had seemed a light thing to him, as he

talked to his adoring sisters in the fastnesses of his country home, to don a cap and gown and saunter to his place at the first-year table. But now the point of view has changed. He knows that his first entrance into Hall means running the gauntlet of the whole College. He realises that he is again a "new boy," to be criticised, and talked over, and summed up. But he sets his teeth and walks out into the "quad," fully conscious of the fact that his "square" is horribly new and his gown at least three inches too long. Luckily enough, there are several other Freshmen present, some of whom cut a far more ridiculous figure than himself. Thus, at the expense of others, the situation is saved, and he is able to eat his dinner in a comparative state of composure.

During the course of dinner, a magnificent thing happens. A card is handed to him which bears the name of a certain senior man, who asks him to take coffee with him in his rooms after dinner. His heart swells: this means success; it is evident that the senior man has heard of his school record in the cricket-field. To his intense disappointment, he discovers, long before dinner is over, that the senior man has also asked the entire first-year table. The blow is a bitter one, but he consoles himself with the reflection that he will have an opportunity of showing the senior man what a fine fellow he is in comparison with the other men of his year.

And so he goes to the rooms of the senior man to take coffee. Arrived there, he finds, of course, all the Freshmen and several senior men. The main object of the Freshmen is to get behind pieces of furniture; the main object of the senior men is to show the Freshmen what splendid fellows they, the senior men, are. There is much talking of athletic feats, town life, social successes. The Freshmen remain as quiet as little mice, hanging on the lips of these demi-gods for all the world as though the art of snobbery was entirely unknown to them.

By-and-by, the bell goes for Chapel, and our new friend finds himself relieved when the party is compelled to break up. But he goes into Chapel with a feeling of gratitude in his heart towards the man who has been the first to extend to him the hand of friendship. Coming out of Chapel, he runs into an old school-friend, who bears him off to his rooms, gives him a cigar that is far too strong for either of them, and explains to him that the man who asked him to coffee is the prime bore of the College and never gets the chance of entertaining people to coffee and egotism after the first night of the October term. Many other things, too, does the Freshman hear from his friend, some of which will be useful to him

and some of which will not. But here, as in all other matters, it depends upon himself to sift the wheat from the chaff and make the best of the knowledge that the gods vouchsafe to give.

Later, much later than his mother would have wished, he goes to his own rooms. As he is not, as yet, quite sure of his bearings, his friend is kind enough to show him the way, and even goes so far as to turn up his light for him and "sport his oak." And then, left alone, the youth unpacks his portmanteau. Every moment, he comes across some little touch of home and the loving hands that packed his clothes and books. Despite his surroundings, despite the novelty and the interest of the life upon which he has entered, his thoughts go stealing back to the dear country home that he has left that morning. And a picture rises before his eyes. The chief figure in the picture is his mother, soft of cheek, bright of eye, proud, brave, loving, courageous. By her side stands his father, an honourable, clean-living, clean-thinking English gentleman. Round about them are his younger brothers and sisters, their eyes alight at the thought that the eldest of their number is to shake off the boy and become a Man. And then, if he is worth his salt, he makes up his mind, come what may, to steer a straight and steady course through the uncertain seas of Oxford.



THE MODERN FRESHMAN.

Drawn by John Hassall.

MILLIONAIRES IN CAMP.

AMERICAN millionaires have rather vague ideas of the term "camping out." Should you be so fortunate as to receive from a wealthy American friend an invitation to spend a few weeks camping in the Adirondack Mountains, or elsewhere, in the States, and go prepared to sleep on bare boards and cook your own food, a great surprise is in store for you. In the first place, the "camp" of the American millionaire is a fond delusion. While the primeval forest may supply all the natural accessories of the true

season, to shoot or fish wherever he pleases—anyone may pitch his tent as fancy dictates and either fish in the streams or shoot in the woods.

Through a species of unwritten law, however, certain districts have been given up for the special delectation of the wealthy classes. The Saranac Lake district is one of these resorts. To these lakes millionaires and persons of wealth have resorted so regularly for many years that nearly every family has bought some extensive tract of land on which "summer camps" have been built. In outward appearance these "camps" are quite rustic. The wood of which the houses are built is virgin pine, and the bark of the tree is left on to heighten the rustic effect.

Within these dwellings, the eye meets everywhere the most costly appointments. On the floors of the "rustic cottages" will be spread rugs of expensive material, while the hard-wood of the ceilings and the carved panels around the walls bespeak only the abode of wealth. To fit up these "rough camp-dwellings" some of New York's most distinguished architects have been engaged, and both wood-work and decoration are on a scale of positive lavishness. The general theme, so to speak, of the architecture is rusticity, but it is only suggested. Once you pass within the carved portals of a millionaire's "camp," you can distinguish little difference between the Adirondack retreat and the Fifth Avenue residence in New York City.

The principal families who have fine homes in the Adirondack Mountains and the Saranac Lake district are the Rockefellers, the Marshalls, the Hevermeyers, the Millses, the Fish "set," the Untermyers, the Goelets, the Willises, and the Morse family. Occasionally a "camp" will be hired for a season by some such person as young Cornelius Vanderbilt or Harry Payne Whitney; but they do not belong to the set with chronic "camp fever." The rents paid for "complete" camps—which means boats, tents, and "log cabins" furnished throughout—run up into thousands of pounds per annum. One camp on Lake Saranac was last year advertised in a New York paper at the low rental of £5000 for the season of four months, from July to the end of

October. This camp is known as the "Laggard's Rest" and is one of the best-equipped ones in the mountains. Miss Alice Roosevelt visits St. Regis Lake in this district quite frequently.

After a few weeks' camping *de luxe*, the smart society set usually goes to Newport, Bar Harbor, or some other fashionable resort. After climbing the Adirondack Mountains and "launching" (in electric small boats) through the chain of sixty-five lakes, they are ready for yachting and bathing.

W. B. NORTHROP.



SITTING-ROOM IN THE CAMP OF MR. UNTERMAYER (A WEALTHY NEW YORK LAWYER), SARANAC LAKE, NEW YORK.

camp, and even a stray bear may wander into your family circle at dinner-time, still the camp, as such, is absolutely non-existent. Highly paid *chefs* cater to the rusticator's appetite, and the softest of beds will be found in the camp tents and so-called "log cabins." There is more luxury in these American camps than will be found in many European hotels.

When an American financier goes camping, he takes with him ample means of keeping himself well informed of the events of the day. Looking about, you see a small box placed on the ground beside a tree. You observe a man standing over it and seeming to be waiting for it to do something important.

Presently, from within the box will begin to come a steady "tick-tick-tick-tick," and, if you have not observed them previously, you will see that telegraph-wires are running down the side of the tree into the box.

You inquire what the instrument is for.

"Stock quotations and cables from abroad," answers the man, who is nothing more nor less than an expert telegraph operator who has come along to keep the man of money informed of what is going on in the outside world while he is catching his trout or shooting his deer.

The late Jay Gould was in the habit of having a telegraph-wire run down to the very side of the trout-stream where he happened to be fishing. In between nibbles he would consult with the "ticker" to know "how the market stood." Many a fish, it is said, would remain unnoticed on his hook while the stock speculator was busily engaged in noting the prices of a certain stock in which he owned large holdings.

One of the favourite resorts of the wealthy American is in the Lake Saranac district of New York State. This is far up in the Adirondack Mountains and is about a night's ride from New York City on a fast train. There extends through these mountains a chain of beautiful lakes—of which Lake Champlain is the beginning—which abound in fish and on the borders of which are woods filled with large and small game. As there are no "game preserves" in America—everybody, from the humblest peasant to the wealthiest citizen, being permitted, in the game



MR. STACKPOOL FISH, THE RAILROAD MAGNATE, OUTSIDE HIS TENT, SARANAC LAKE, NEW YORK. THIS TENT IS FITTED WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Photographs by W. B. Northrop.

MILLIONAIRES IN CAMP.



THE MOUNTAIN HOME OF MR. O. D. MARSHALL, A WEALTHY NEW YORK STOCKBROKER.



INTERIOR OF THE MARSHALL "CAMP": THE SITTING-ROOM.

Photographs by W. B. Northrop.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE latest rumour assigns the authorship of "The Confessions of a Wife" to Professor Thurston Peck, the Editor of the *American Bookman*. Professor Peck is a man of almost incredible versatility, but I cannot quite picture him as "Mary Adams." It would not altogether surprise me, however, to learn that the "wife" is no more a wife than the "Englishwoman" was a woman.

Mr. Kipling's illustrations to the "Just So Stories" have aroused considerable enthusiasm in America. It is suggested that, if he has a little spare time, Mr. Kipling might take in hand the reform of the Academy, and that, anyway, some pictures from his brush ought to find an honoured place in next year's exhibition at Burlington House.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's novel, "The Little White Bird," will be ready on Nov. 10. I understand that the advance orders have been very large.

The Memoirs of the late Queen Marie Henriette of Belgium will be published in German late in the autumn. These Memoirs promise to be very remarkable, and will, it is expected, throw much interesting light on Emperor Maximilian's ill-fated Mexican venture. Queen Marie Henriette had come in contact with many of the men who played a part in the history of the latter part of the nineteenth century, Napoleon III., Victor Emmanuel, Emperor William I., Bismarck, Garibaldi, Lord Beaconsfield, and Gambetta, among others, and her reminiscences of them can hardly fail to be interesting.

Viscount Goschen's long-delayed biography of his grandfather, Georg Joachim Goschen, is now in the press. It was in 1785 that Goschen founded a publishing house in Leipsic, then, as now, the centre of the German book trade. The dawn of the great classical period of German literature was at hand. Thirty years before, German literature hardly existed. In the thirty years that followed its greatest work was accomplished. The period of Goschen's activity as a publisher was almost coterminous with the second and more splendid half of this unequalled era.

Great preparations are being made in Russia to celebrate Tolstoi's literary jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of his first literary work, "The Story of my Childhood." It is said that Tolstoi is hard at work finishing several distinct productions. One of these is an essay on the land question, another a book on the essence of religion, a third a novel of some length dealing with Russia's acquisition of the Caucasus, and a fourth is a play on a subject taken from real life.

One of the most important travel-books of the season will be "Through Hidden Shensi," by Francis H. Nichols, an account of a journey in the autumn of 1901 from Peking to Sian, in the province of Shensi, China, thence southward down the Han River to Hankow. The route lay through the heart of the "Boxers' Country," and across the eldest two provinces of China. It is essentially a story of untravelled roads over which very few white men have ever ventured.

Dr. Henry van Dyke has a pretty taste in prefaces. In a prefatory note to his new book, "The Blue Flower," he writes: "You will find here nine stories. Three of them have already been printed separately.

But I wished to bring them together because it seemed as if they were fragments of the same story—the long story which will never be perfectly told until men learn a new language—the story of the search for happiness, which is life."

Mr. Frank R. Stockton has left the manuscript of a new novel, which will be published early next year. A collection of hitherto unpublished short stories from his pen is also to be issued shortly, under the title of "John Gayther's Garden, and Stories Told Therein."

O. O.

"THE BOOK OF BEAUTY."

On this page is reproduced a very charming portrait of the Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, from a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby, which is to be found in "The Book of Beauty," published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. The volume contains over eighty photogravure portraits (most of which are from paintings by celebrated artists) of the beautiful and famous women of the era of King Edward VII., among whom, of course, pre-eminent ranks the Queen. Other fine portraits are those of the Princess Louise, the

Princess Charles of Denmark, Princess Victoria, the Crown Princess of Roumania, Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Marlborough, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, the Countess of Warwick, and a host of other well-known Society women. It is very apparent that Mrs. Harcourt Williamson, who has had the editing and arranging of this work, has contented herself only with the best both from an artistic and literary standpoint, as may be gathered from a glance at the imposing list of artists and literary contributors. Millais, Sargent, Constant, Herkomer are certainly names to conjure with, and among the authors may be mentioned Rudyard Kipling, Sir Edwin Arnold, Zangwill, Mary Cholmondeley, and Lucas Malet. Two editions of "The Book of Beauty" are to be obtained—an *édition de luxe* of three hundred copies at five guineas, and a limited edition of fifty copies at ten guineas, in which twelve of the portraits will be coloured.



LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW.

Reproduced by permission from "The Book of Beauty." (Hutchinson and Co.)



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME STUDIES BY LAFAYETTE.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")



"THE ROSE."

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY :
SOME STUDIES BY LAFAYETTE.



"LILAC."

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
SOME STUDIES BY LAFAYETTE.



"THE MARIGOLD."

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"Ten pounds! Isn't that rather high?"
"Well, yes'm; but I need the money."

DRAWN BY PENRHYN STANLAWS.

THE SEVEN AGES OF A DUTCHMAN.

BY TOM BROWNE.




II.—“THEN THE WHINING SCHOOLBOY, WITH HIS SATCHEL, AND SHINING MORNING FACE, CREEPING LIKE SNAIL UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL.”

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DUET.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.

Illustrated by Oscar Wilson.



Hewas seated on the top of a five-barred gate and he was whistling melodiously, with flute-like turns and

trills and an amount of easy assurance a bird might well have envied; but, except as he suggested a bird with his insouciant warbling, he appeared to her mind particularly unexpected in those surroundings. She told herself, as she stood helplessly almost in front of him, that he was the last man she would have expected to see there—or in that attitude and so engaged anywhere. (Yet she must surely have linked the word "expected" with him a little vaguely, for, if she had ever consciously set eyes on him before, wouldn't she naturally and as a matter of course have applied to him in her present difficulty?)

Moreover, there was something connected with his whistling—other than its being a strange thing to do or its being remarkably well done—to arouse her curiosity. Yet even curiosity was hardly as strong in her as annoyance.

For he must see her dilemma, she argued, and, seeing, it was plainly his duty to come to her immediate assistance; such a duty as the man on the spot has held since time immemorial towards the maiden in distress. And, instead, to sit perched up there like a—like an image! Whistling away like one whose politeness acknowledged no claims! Like—like a mere mechanical toy with no power to stop except as the result of works run down. Why—well, *it wasn't gentlemanly*, to think the least of it! At this turn in her thoughts she turned her back on the whistler and took a look down the lane to the left, not by any means for the first time.

Now, if there had been only the lane to the left, everything would have been easy—she could just have gone straight on. Must have gone straight on, in fact, since it would have been ridiculous to retrace her steps to the station she had so lately left, where she had already waited a tedious half-hour expecting to be met, or, as a last resource, the return of the station's solitary fly, which she had made no efforts to secure in the first place. Even one long lane—turning or straight, she would not have minded—she could have coped with, she felt; and she could, at any rate, have passed straight by the whistler on the gate with just the toss of contempt his attitude and occupation invited, and no more. But, instead of one lane, here were lanes every way. However she stood, behind, in front, and on either side of her a lane—and not a thing to choose between them! Except that at the opening, as it were, of the right-hand lane, as she was standing now, was the five-barred gate with the whistler perched on top, still whistling.

A sign-post! What would she not have given for a sign-post, or a policeman, or even a strong impression—a conviction, however groundless—that the house she was bound for, on a week's visit, would be reached by means of prolonging her walk in any particular

one of four directions! But all four looked too much alike. Their sameness left her still irresolute and utterly impressionless, except with regard to the man on the gate.

The porter, pointing with a wide forefinger, had said, "You go straight up along there"—she remembered it perfectly so far—"and then take the——" The rest she as perfectly forgot. She could only stamp a dainty foot, toss a charming head, and continue to present a disdainful back to the whistler—who deserved to be blind if he wasn't.

Then suddenly (a pity he could not see it: she had her revenge on him there!) a mischievous gleam came into her blue eyes, a delightful smile curved her red lips. For a moment she pouted them a trifle, as if she intended to contribute her share to the whistling, and then she seemed to change her mind while her lips parted lightly.

The tune she sang, in a delicate and clear soprano, was the tune of the man on the gate; his whistling, after the first bar or so, adapted itself gracefully to the accompaniment of her song, and, of course, there were the words . . .

At the end of the first verse, she paused, but, as he did not, she took it up again, when he accommodated her with the required note; and so, where four prosaic English lanes met, had you or I chanced to pass that way, you or I or anyone might have beheld this unconventional sight of a man on a gate and a girl on the roadway absorbed in making music—might have heard this unconventional but very excellently performed duet. These are the words—

My Love, pink flushed with loving,
And I at my Love's side,
Lingered throughout the Spring-time,
Said we, "The way is wide

In which to garner freshness,
And love has come to stay."
So hand met hand in April,
And kiss met kiss in May.

Across the sunlit seasons
Love's Land of Promise spread;
Now gold washed by the morning,
Now dyed by evening's red.

And often, in soft whispers,
We gave our hearts away
Into each other's keeping
To keep until that day,

When we should claim the Promise.
But always it was Spring!
Too early to awaken!
Too soon for hurrying!

And so we missed the Summer,
The fruit ripe Autumn brings—
Amidst the chills of Winter
We dreamed of other Springs,

Till now our year is over,
The year of our delight.
Strewn are the sweet Spring blossoms,
The ground with them is white.

And—such as they are—months before, the man had written them. Dashed them off, in a mood that scorned polishing, to prove

to himself that he had come heart-whole—or how could he rhyme about it?—out of a broken engagement. He had not intended the girl to see them, yet so it had happened. The tune was the tune she had set them to, and, although it cannot be indicated here, it was a bewitching and haunting air. She did it to show she did not care, and also a little because she could not help it. She had professed at the time utter indifference as to whether he heard it or not; but she had her curiosity, and now!—well, the thing was proved, at any rate.

As her sweet voice died away, with the least little tremble in it on the last word, he stepped swiftly down from the gate and came to her side.

"There are other years left," he said.

"Not the year that is dead," she answered.

"There is the memory of it to——"

"Well, what?" she questioned.

"To teach us better ways."

"I enjoyed that year," she said, very determinedly.

"So did I," he sighed.

"More?" she suggested.

"Than any year yet," he declared.

"So did I," she softly admitted. "But," she added, "you know we agreed that a year was enough. That we wouldn't—couldn't, in fact—either continue or——! A year—an enjoyable year—brought us to that, so——"

"We have had a rest—since," he risked.

It depends on what he was aiming at whether he could be said to have succeeded. If he

wanted to see her colour mount, her head very finely tossed, he had what he wanted, no doubt.

"If that's all it was to you! If that's all you cared!" she said; and then, with a complete change of tone, "I shall be obliged to you if you can tell me the way to 'The Laurels.' There seems no road or anything further by way of an address. I am going there on a—— Well, I shall be obliged if you can direct me."

"I could easily direct you," he said, "or take you there—I came to do it."

"You?"

"I am visiting there, too. I volunteered to meet you, in fact."

"You?"

"There is one thing," he said, "I feel bound to explain. I

led them to think—told them, indeed—that we had renewed our engagement."

"You told them *that*?"

"I thought it would look less peculiar. And I was very anxious to meet you," he said.

A side-question, as it were, distracted her attention for the moment.

"Then why didn't you come to the station?"

"Well, then I funk'd it," he owned.

"Oh, how could you? How dare you—say it, I mean?"

He came very close to her. He gazed down into her eyes with a look which compelled her own. A hundred memories connected with his tender look, his attitude, the tone of his voice, thronged back on her.

"The wish fathered the words," he admitted. "Dear, I did it because I wanted it to be."

She did not answer.

"Dear, the months have been so long—since our year!"

She seemed to grow a little paler, silent still.

"Dear love, trees blossom every year. The flowers come again each spring. Because they have fallen once, why should everything be ended?"

"It isn't ended," she said. "For they'll fall again; they always do." And as she spoke the mischievous gleam he knew showed in her eyes.

"We'll give that up, then," he declared. "It was always a foolish

rhyme. But I've thought of something else. How can we explain?"

"What?"

"That we're not re-engaged."

"Now that might be difficult," she admitted.

"Much easier to leave it," he said. "And much better every way," he added. "A thousand times better every way," he amended, stoutly.

"Oh, every way!" echoed she.

And then, where four prosaic English lanes met, had you or I chanced to pass that way, you or I or anyone might have beheld this unconventional sight of a man and a girl, both in the middle of the roadway, and absorbed—well, I do not think one need particularise.



This unconventional sight of a man on a gate and a girl on the roadway absorbed in making music.

"THE DUET."

BY THE SANDS OF BEREHAVEN.

*By the sands of Berehaven, I heard a mermaid sing,
I saw her face as pure as pearl mid dark weed glimmering;
She cast the long sea-laces back, and pearl-white there she lay,
And the wave that drifted her to shore stole my poor wits away.*

*By the sands of Berehaven, one hour out of my life
I drank of perfect happiness; then, clean as cuts a knife,
My joy was cut away from me, and over heart and brain
I felt the ebbing of the wave that drew her back again.*

*By the sands of Berehaven, I wonder like a ghost,
And sorrow be upon the sea, and sorrow on the coast!
For not in any sea-cave or any heap of weed
I find my wits gone wandering, nor where the sea-gulls breed.*

*By the sands of Berehaven, if I grew old as death,
And counted every grain of sand that feels the sea-wind's breath
And feels the salt tears of the sea, I'd see her nevermore,
For the same wave never flows again that once has ebb'd from shore.*

NORA CHESON.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



JUST as *The Sketch* was going to press, I found that everything was in order and that no postponement seemed likely with regard to the production of Mr. (or Dr.) J. M. Barrie's new play due at the Duke of York's Theatre last night (Tuesday). Indeed, when, as is my wont, I looked in at the theatre just before penning these notes, I found a special late rehearsal proceeding most promisingly.

As a matter of fact, "The Admirable Crichton," which Mr. Barrie chooses to call his new "fantasy," bids fair to be one of that highly successful author's biggest successes. And this not only histrionically—for Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. H. B. Irving especially—but also in a financial sense. For not only did I find the box-office business very brisk for this latest "presentation" (as its "presenter," Mr. Charles Frohman, would call it), but I also learnt that the "libraries" have, with regard to Dr. Barrie's "fantasy," done the biggest "deal" for seats ever known in connection with any unproduced play.

Happily, perhaps, for the dramatic critics—concerning the "usefulness" of whom the O.P. Club debaters have been so much exercised of late—a new production which was to have been given at Wyndham's Theatre on the afternoon of the date fixed for Mr. Barrie's new production has been postponed until next Tuesday, the 11th inst. This postponed production is Messrs. Edward Ferris and E. Stuart's new eighteenth-century comedy, "The Vanity of Youth," which was to have been given (and still will be given) in aid of the schools of St. Andrew's, Wells Street.

And now, before I go any further, let me hasten to tell you that Mr. Arthur Bouchier's threatened revival of "Othello" (mentioned by me last week) is not the only Shaksperian venture contemplated by that popular comedian. Indeed, he has also confessed to me that he intends in due course to "present" (to use his friend Frohman's locution) the so-called Shaksperian comedy entitled "The Taming of the Shrew." Mr. Bouchier has, of course, ere now played the persistent Petruchio, and his rendering of that somewhat boisterous bridegroom should, with the actor's later experience, be even more vivacious than of yore. And, of course, Mrs. Bouchier (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) will be a splendid Katharine.

Mr. (or Dr.) Barrie is not the only Caledonian (or "Kailyard") novelist whose works are to be seen upon the British boards. I learn that at least one adaptation of the novels of "Ian Maclaren" will be

seen ere long. The one you are likely to see first in this city is the lately American-made dramatisation by Messrs. Augustus Thomas and James McArthur of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," in which that great American actor, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, achieved such a pronounced success as Lachlan Campbell. It is a pity that anyone producing this version of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" in London cannot arrange to bring over Mr. Stoddart for this part. When he played the character in the States, he was wont to gain "calls" several minutes long.

It was Mr. Stoddart, I remember, who used to make so striking and so pathetic a figure years ago as the sorely perplexed parson in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's surely revivable play, "Saints and Sinners," in America.

Lovers of pathos on the stage should not fail to see the new sketch, "Almost Human," that is now being played at the Canterbury Music Hall. In this sketch, which is really a very powerful one-act



MR. E. SILLWARD, IN "ALMOST HUMAN," AT THE CANTERBURY MUSIC-HALL.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

drama, Mr. Edward Sillward plays the part of a gorilla with wonderful cleverness and fine artistic finish. The play has been written by Mr. Metcalfe Wood, part-author of "The Elder Miss Blossom."

To-morrow (Thursday) night, Mr. Wilson Barrett will, he notifies me, produce for the first time in England (barring its "copyright" show) his own "Alfred the Great" drama, which he still entitles "The Christian King." The production will take place at the Prince's, Bristol, and in our next I shall hope to give you a full account of this apparently very ambitious play.

Next Saturday, if Mr. Edwardes should hold to the date chosen up to the time of going to press, there will be produced at the Apollo Mr. Owen Hall's new play, "The Girl from Kay's." This was originally written (the author tells me) as quite a Criterion comedy. Mr. Edwardes, however, later advised the author to turn it into a musical play (as Mr. Edwardes subsequently transformed "Kitty Grey"), and hence the calling-in of sundry composers, forming, as it were, quite a tune-providing syndicate.

On personal inspection, I find that Sir Charles Wyndham's new theatre, designed for him by Mr. W. G. R. Sprague, is sufficiently forward to warrant the hope that it will be ready for opening by Christmas. The new house, which backs on to Sir Charles's Charing Cross Road theatre, is indeed a splendid structure, with a wonderful array of stalls and a magnificent circle. Sir Charles still seems uncertain what to name this forthcoming playhouse, and at present holds to the somewhat awkward name of "The New Theatre." It has been suggested to call it "The Sheridan." From what I have seen of the interior and of the plans for its dainty Louis Seize decoration, I should suggest calling it "The Drawing-Room Theatre."

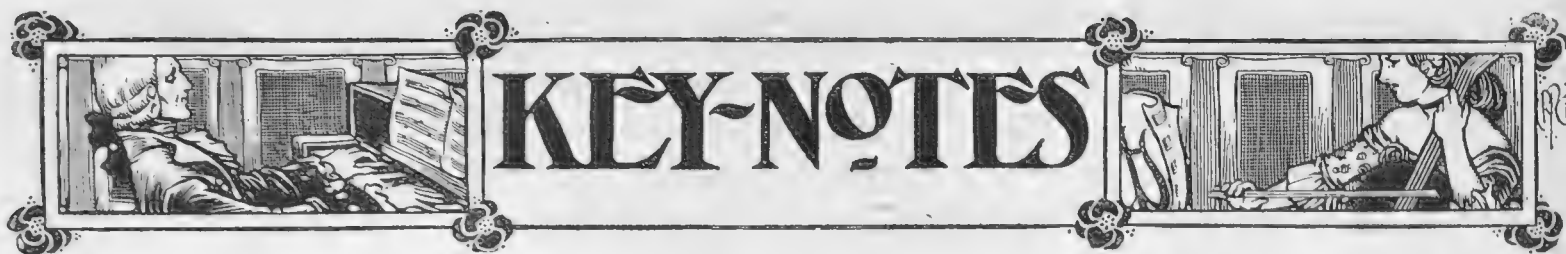
There is yet another new theatre imminent, and this is also designed by Mr. Sprague, and will face Drury Lane Theatre, in Russell Street.

At Kennington Theatre on Monday last Mr. Robert Arthur presented Charles Frohman's Company with the Lyceum Theatre success, "Sherlock Holmes," Mr. William Gillette and Dr. A. Conan Doyle's thrilling detective play. The cast comprises Mr. Julian Royce as Holmes, Mr. Kenneth Rivington, Mr. W. Lawson as Moriarty, and Dalziel Heron; Miss Christine McGill as Alice Faulkner and Miss Ivy Hertzog as Madge Larrabee. This being its second visit since its appearance at the Lyceum, Kennington Theatre looks like maintaining its sequence of big business. Following this Mr. Arthur produces Messrs. Seymour Hicks and Walter Slaughter's new musical play, entitled "An English Daisy," with Tom E. Murray in the "star" part.



MISS HELENA HEAD, A MEMBER OF MR. OSMOND TEARLE'S COMPANY ON TOUR.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.



THE Saturday Symphony Concerts at the Queen's Hall, though still deprived of Mr. Wood's magnetic presence, are likely to prove an extremely popular series. It is curious to observe the characteristic differences between the audience at a Symphony Concert and the audience at a Promenade Concert. The Symphony audience is emphatically restrained, quiet in its enthusiasms, and gentle in its manner of appreciation. The audience of the "Proms" is emphatic in its expression and downright in its demands for more; yet the fare provided is pretty well the same at each entertainment and the evening audience listens as respectfully and as keenly to, let us say, a Brahms Symphony as will the most elegantly fashionable audience in the world. The difference is one which naturally arrests the attention; but, if the matter were a question of competition, I am very much inclined to think that the less fashionable audience would win a plurality of votes on the score of musical intelligence.

Mr. Arthur Payne is really a very intelligent conductor, and, if his manner is strongly suggestive of that of Mr. Wood, that is, perhaps, only natural. Two or three nights ago at the Queen's Hall he succeeded in carrying out a Wagner programme with singular skill and efficiency. I was particularly struck by the massiveness of tone which he succeeded in eliciting from his orchestra in their playing of a selection, all too seldom given, from the score of "Das Rheingold." Of course, that music-drama is not peculiarly "built" for concert selection, but there are so many passages of purely instrumental beauty in the work that it might surely be possible to allow the public to enjoy it more often than is at present possible. "Rheingold" is probably of all Wagner's scores the least used for the purpose of purely instrumental concerts.

Mr. N. Vert's Grand Morning Concert, given during the week at St. James's Hall, was very much of the ballad order of things. Madame Albani was there in great form, running up and down the platform with the activity of a young gazelle. She contrived to infuse a world of sentimentality into the vocal sorrows of "The Last Rose of Summer." The companionless lot of that wretched flower has seldom, even by Albani herself, been bewailed before with so much eloquence. In Massenet's "L'Extase de la Vierge," Albani was in her devoutest and most lyrical mood. Miss Ada Crossley sang on the same occasion very beautifully indeed, once more proving with what intelligence she combines refinement of voice with real musicianly instincts. Another really exquisite artist, possessing the same order of voice, is Miss Muriel Foster, who sang Mallinson's "O' dauke Nicht" and "Gia il sole dal Gange." Miss Foster, in her singing of sad songs, seems to me inevitably to suggest Virgil and his "Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt." To leave this ballad concert for a moment, it would be impossible to imagine singing more poignant than was Miss Foster's interpretation of "Orfeo" the other day at Cardiff. I refer to the matter again now because it in

some way, to my mind, is a perfect example of her realisation of the Virgilian line which I have just quoted.

What a wonderful man Mr. Santley is! Here he was at the concert I write of singing with no less than youthful energy and ardour such songs as Rossini's "Alla voce della gloria" and Hatton's "To Anthea" as though he were still fresh to the work. Mr. William Green was also among the vocalists, and sang remarkably well. In Macaulay's phrase, I have always "had a kindness" for Mr. Green. He is still quite a young singer; but when he first stepped upon the concert platform, I thought that, sweet though his voice undoubtedly was, he was something lacking in stamina. In that respect he has improved vastly. He has, in fact, gained in personality, one of the most valuable assets in the world of any public man. There is probably no more exacting song than Beethoven's "Adelaide" for the tenor. To sing it lightly or frivolously is to ruin its most essential quality. Mr. Green sang it, however, with a sense of responsibility, and with what may be called a certain effect of vocal importance, that seemed to realise its true significance, its wide and deep sentiment. In only one respect have I to make a limitation to praise: Mr. Green has not paid as minute an attention as he should have done to his Italian pronunciation. This, though seemingly a small matter, is really a question of quite considerable importance. The perfect singer should do all things perfectly.



MISS KATHLEEN PURCELL.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

they should be as accurate as possible; in this case, however, where Norwich was naturally priding herself upon her initiative, her energy, and her pluck, this most casual of references must have had an effect of quite peculiar cruelty. I cannot, in a fairly long experience, recall a single Festival in which so much emphasis was laid upon the very matter which this particular writer has declared to be absent from its programmes. Is *this* how history is written?

Miss Kathleen Purcell claims direct descent from our greatest English composer, Henry Purcell. A pupil of Mr. John Thomas, she has devoted herself to the harp, and, as a mistress of that instrument, she has considerable accomplishment and has secured a singular success.

COMMON CHORD.



Possibilities of a Petrol Famine—A Condemned Car—The Duke of Westminster's "Brush"—Treacherous Going.

ARE we going to suffer from a famine in petrol? That is the anxious question at present troubling consumers of motor-car spirit, because of the conflict between the manufacturers who prepare the vital fluid and the railway companies whose duty it is, at present, to distribute it. The companies have apparently taken fright on the discovery that petrol is not quite so mild as milk, and require the consignors, who are the manufacturers, to promise to pay for all damage that might be done by any accidental explosion or flare-up. This unlimited liability for the handling of stuff when it is in other people's control the consignors very naturally refuse to accept. The spirit is already safeguarded by rules as to its conveyance in special vehicles, in limited quantities at a time, and in a way which has hitherto prevented disaster, and, of course, all such safeguards are perfectly right and proper, but it is unreasonable for carriers to require the absolute indemnity demanded. Rather than give it, the manufacturers are asking that the consignees shall sign the obnoxious pledge, but they are surely even less justly saddled with a responsibility for the safety of packages which come to them unseen till they arrive. My coal-merchant does not expect me to promise to pay an annuity to the widow of a plate-layer put out of action by a lump of coal whizzing off a carelessly loaded truck, and why should I be expected to stand the whole racket of any ruin caused by the bad handling or bad packing of petrol?

Meanwhile, the price is advancing, and the risk of obtaining it only in important centres instead of broadcast throughout the country threatens more seriously still. For, after all, the penny or two more per gallon which would have to be paid if an insurance of conveyance risks were added to the intrinsic value and monopolist profits of petroleum spirit would not be overwhelming. Petrol per mile costs less than tyre-wear per mile on nearly all cars, but one does want to have it ubiquitously available. Perhaps the promise of the President of the Board of Trade to consider whether he can usefully approach the railway companies may eventuate in a withdrawal. Perhaps the system of road-supply, which at present serves in London, will be extended over the whole country, with the substitution of motor-traction for horse-drawn vehicles. It would be truly appropriate if our petrol reached us without ever having been hauled by a horse or drawn along a railroad. Perhaps, also, the perfection of systems for using oil instead of spirit will ultimately let us dispense with petrol altogether until the electrical vehicle comes to maturity for all purposes; but, meanwhile, let anyone who seeks to prevent present personal inconvenience by laying up a great store of the spirit remember that the local Councils can come down on you for a licence and make you build a special store-house if you keep a greater quantity than sixty gallons at a time, including what is in and on your car.

The Sultan of Morocco has a short way with anybody or anything that opposes his will. He has in the pre-motoring days enjoyed cycling by deputy, for he had a royally glorious machine once constructed for him in England, propelled by ardent pedallers while he himself sat within at rest, and woeful was the lot of any shirker of his share in propelling the machine. The Sultan also found pleasure in watching the efforts of beginners to master the balance of a bicycle, and so took at least a vicarious interest in the then latest form of locomotion. Keeping up to date, he became an automobilist, in

the secondary sense of sitting beside an expert on a car. All went well for many days, but at last trouble came. A tyre burst, and, the steering becoming uncontrollable, the car hit a big boulder and emptied itself of its owner and driver, who were bruised but not badly hurt, and the car was practically uninjured, but it was executed on the spot by Royal command. It was hammered into fragments, and, when it was demolished, the Sultan issued orders that none of his subjects should ever use a motor-car again.

The Duke of Westminster is among the lovers of horses who also enjoy automobilism, and has recently received delivery of a 16 horse-power Brush car, which is an English-made vehicle, built at Loughborough by a firm of which Mr. George Cornwallis-West, brother of the Duchess of Westminster, is a director. A two-cylinder car of the same type took part in the Automobile Club's trials and has figured among the selected cars put by the War Office at the disposal of the Headquarters Staff. The Duke of Westminster's new car has a larger tonneau than is usually the case, being both roomier and fitted with a higher back. A curved lip to the upper edge of the rear panelling has some effect as a dust-excluder. Probably even more pronounced external concave curvature may be expected to become a feature of the backs of cars, in order to deflect the billows of dust which are apt otherwise to surge in upon the occupants of the tonneau-seats.



A MOTOR PROBLEM.

The dust nuisance disappears in the winter season, and, as the ditches fill, police-traps become less comfortable hiding-places for constables manufacturing cases of furious driving. Warmly clad, the motorist in the nominal off-season can enjoy the pastime with two of its chief drawbacks removed. It is true that the evil of side-slip remains to be combated with even more care, but that is an evil which diminishes with the increase of skill on the part of the driver. The cultivated touch of the expert will correct a car on grease which would have slewed completely round in the grasp of a novice. It is probably a true conjecture that ninety per cent. of automobile accidents are due to side-slip, but it is also true that the immense majority of side-slips are due to travelling at a speed not justified by the conditions of the surface. On rare occasions there arise conditions of exceptional greasiness, when it is almost impossible to steer above a walking pace, but these occasions are not common. Rarest of all is the limiting condition when wet ice so lubricates the roads that there is neither driving nor steering grip. An equally slippery mixture was encountered by an old hand at driving who recently crossed the Forth at Granton Ferry. Arriving when the tide was low at the sloping causeway which rises from the water's-edge, this gentleman essayed to drive over the wet and weed-clad stones. His driving-wheels spun forward, refusing to drive, and, though his brakes locked them both from turning, he began to slide gradually backwards on fixed wheels towards the sea. Saved from immersion by a group of boatmen and pushed up the slimy slope, he got a grip again immediately above high-water mark. If wet ice or seaweed-covered rocks were commonly encountered, it is certain that we should have to use corrugated tyres, on the same principle that the fastest cars on Gaillon Hill were fitted with cross-garterings of leather to roughen the treads and prevent the slip which would be likely to occur when such enormous power was being developed.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Cambridgeshire—The Liverpool Cup—Allowances—Jumping.

THE curtain has rung down at Newmarket with the close of the Houghton Meeting. There was a big attendance to see the race for the Cambridgeshire, and His Majesty the King, who looked none the worse for his labours in connection with the procession in London, graced the meeting with his presence. It is a pity His Majesty has no useful handicapper to win one of the big events with. The little backers had fastened on to Ballantrae for the Cambridgeshire directly the weights came out, with the result that the filly started a hottest favourite on record. The hedging bookmakers were the cause of all this.

So many double-event bets were made in which Black Sand and Ballantrae were coupled that all the Continental list men were compelled to buy money at all costs. At the last moment, I believe, the little backers in London turned round and tried to find something to beat the reputed good thing, and some of the starting-price bookmakers did very well over the race; but the big bettors stuck to the favourite and would have none other on the course. The race was a desperate one between the first four, and it was not until the winning numbers had gone up that the winner was known; for Ballantrae, St. Maclou, and Nabot seemed to pass the post locked together. It was a relief when the Judge said the favourite had beaten St. Maclou by a neck, with Nabot, a head further off, third. The boy Watts rode a grand race on the winner, as did M. Cannon on the second. The Yankees were all on the good thing, and, I am told, Mr. Whitney's friends in America cabled over a lot of money for Ballantrae.

There should be a big attendance at the Liverpool Meeting, as Lord Derby is to entertain for the fixture. The racing will be good, and a capital acceptance has been received for the Liverpool Cup. Many good judges have been waiting for Floriform, who is said to have improved wonderfully since he has been doing work on Newmarket Heath. Fighting Furley, too, is a horse the talent have determined to follow when seen out. He is supposed to have been tried good enough by Duke to win the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester, but, owing to an accident in his box, he cut up badly. Royal George may win on the Aintree track; anyway, this horse will win a good race before the season ends. Mount Judkin, who is trained by Sir Charles Nugent, has a big chance, if we take a line through Padlock II., who ran well in the Cambridgeshire. The Hon. George Lambton has a very likely candidate in Pellisson, a winner over the course, but I think the horse has a little too much weight to carry this time. St. Uncomber has only to reproduce his Sandown running to win. He is thrown in, and I shall give

him my vote, fearing Game Chick, who came very well out of Huggins's trial behind Ballantrae and Spectrum.

In the result of the Cambridgeshire we see what the apprentice allowance does to handicaps. It simply knocks the bottom out of the Handicapper's calculations altogether. Suppose Ballantrae had run without the five pounds allowance and a claiming apprentice had been on the back of St. Maclou, the handicap would have been altered ten pounds in favour of Colonel McCalmont's horse, who, in that

case, would have won by many a length. On the book, Ballantrae was given a very little weight in the first place. Either the apprentice allowance should be barred in all big handicaps or the Handicappers should be given power to attach to every horse's weight the following words, "No allowance for an apprentice to be given." It is getting more and more evident that the apprentice allowance, although a good idea in certain limits, is a great temptation to owners to go for other people's horses that are supposed to be well in handicaps, the while their own animals are being ridden by jockeys to get weight off. If I am not misinformed, some of the big gamblers enter their horses in big handicaps only that they may get to know what other owners are doing. I do not think

the apprentice allowance should be allowed in any race over which ante-post betting takes place. True, the Cesarewitch was won without an allowance, but the majority of the big handicaps this year have been won by animals ridden by apprentices.

Many of the cross-country jockeys intend to remain on the Continent during the winter, as they find it difficult to make a living by riding in England. It is a remarkable fact that amateurs are preferred to professionals by many owners of jumpers, but I am told that the amateurs do not ride for nothing and many of them expect to be on a bit to nothing. The betting on most of the races run under National Hunt Rules is very bad, and it would be impossible to back a horse to win a thousand pounds in any race except the Liverpool Grand National. The starting-price bookmakers have been so badly hit in the past over the winter game that they positively now decline the business. In any case, they refuse to accept more than five pounds about an animal from any one man. Betting on the course is highly sensitive, and the investment of a hundred pounds will bring an animal from 10 to 1 down to 5 to 4. And, if rumour does not lie, the market has in the past been often monopolised by the friends of the jockey, to the exclusion of the owner and his friends.

CAPTAIN COE.



MR. WHITNEY'S BALLANTRAE, WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.



THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES: AT THE BUSHES. BALLANTRAE, THE WINNER, IS HERE SEEN RUNNING THIRD.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WHEN dressmakers differ, who shall agree? Two days ago, I sallied forth to order me some winter garments of a sufficiently modish fashion-maker in this island village. "Are short dresses to be worn?" did I hopefully inquire. She of Bond Street smiled a superior negative. "Are short dresses worn in Paris?" I asked a friend one little hour afterwards who had returned the day before with a box-full of frocks from Beer. "Four inches off the ground," she announced, with an authoritative air. "No one who is anyone will make you a train for outdoor at the moment in Paris." "Between those two stools, who will fall to the ground?" one could but mentally inquire. That short dresses are promised and appearing over the water, one knows. That they will not be adopted in a hurry over here, the conservative British constitution ensures. Therefore, if anyone asks me which it is to be, I shall hedge between sweeping trains and sweeping reforms, and say, "Have one of each sort." Husbands might object, but they are clearly not gifted to specialise on fashions, and must therefore not be given the opportunity.

I hear, by the way, that a new burden has been added to marital shoulders nowadays, in the growing cult of the beauty-doctor. Dress-makers' bills were once the chief grievance of pay-day, but now it would seem that the expensive art of rejuvenation makes a separate leakage in income, and, however undeniably becoming the effect of these ministrations, their cost quite keeps pace with their results.

I rather doubt this Club gossip myself. To begin with, the beauty-doctor's *métier* is not to give credit. A certain course of treatment for thin cheeks, fat cheeks, wrinkles, or whatever else it may be, is begun and almost always paid for in advance. Again, the charges for facial

idle man for the amusement of sundry surreptitious hours in the Club card-room, this legend of the beauty-doctor and his bills.

A country cousin, dropped down from Somersetshire skies, took me to "A Chinese Honeymoon" last week, where a laughing house held its sides over Louie Freear's drolleries. I had seen the piece a



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A HANDSOME COAT OF SEAL AND SABLE.

treatment or massage are, from what I can gather, not exorbitant, varying from three guineas a course of twelve to six guineas. The washes and cosmetics which these specialists retail rarely run to more than six or eight shillings, so it seems but a baby bugbear invented by



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AN EVENING-FROCK IN BLACK CHIFFON AND JET.

year ago, yet it went as fresh and free as ever, while the introduction of an extremely clever "imitation of actors" interlude by Miss Marie Dainton and "our Nellie's" good-looking son, Mr. Farren Soutar, literally "took the flure" and kept it. "A Chinese Honeymoon" should, indeed, continue its matrimonial complications for many a day on their own merits alone.

An early Victorian notion in jewellery has begun to revisit the glimpses of our modern moons, but more or less glorified out of original recognition. It is the adoption of miniatures as personal ornaments, chiefly of the brooch and pendant type. We can, most of us, remember how the elderly aunt or grandmother of our young days adorned herself with lugubrious mementoes of dear departed. These took the shape of horrid hair-bracelets, weeping-willow ear-rings with urns and tombs and lachrymose angels thereon, or brooches which were veritable breastplates enclosing the daguerreotyped features of various near and dear. The miniature brooch or pendant of to-day is a very different thing. An exquisitely tinted ivory of "His Majesty the Baby," surrounded with diamonds or other precious stone, is the favourite form of gaud for up-to-date young mothers. The notion hails, I believe, from America, but is being exploited in this little island by the Association of Diamond Merchants at Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, who also are showing quite an unusual number of novel ideas in jewellery, many of which will doubtless obtain a great vogue during the forthcoming season of Christmas-gift giving. As an instance of inexpensive elegance in jewels may be mentioned a

pink-and-white enamel pendant set with pretty green olivine stones, which costs only seven guineas. Another style of pendant, in white enamel jewelled with Oriental amethyst, pearl, and olivine, was cheap at ten guineas, a chief merit of these enamelled pendants being that they smarten up the simplest frock so thoroughly. It may be useful to know that the price of these aforesaid mothers' prodigies in gem-rimmed miniature pendants is but ten to fifteen guineas at the Diamond Merchants Association dépôt. Surely a moderate price for what is conveyed in exchange. Of necklets this particular shop boasts a great variety; one of amethysts and pendent pearls is available at four guineas and quite pretty, as is a tie-shape made of pink, blue, yellow, and other sapphires. A "Peridot" pendant set in diamonds and white enamel evidenced the superiority of quite modern ideas in jewellery over mid-Victorian, or even late, and was cheap at fifty guineas—a recommendation which might, in fact, be given to fifty other articles did one's space and syllables extend over the necessary expanse of time and foolscap.

Two pairs of beggar-dolls pleading for a trifle, and each pair planted beside a money-box, met one's gaze first on mounting the broad staircase of Bath House, Piccadilly, where Mrs. Julius Wernher had kindly given up two rooms on Tuesday afternoon for an exhibition of beautifully dressed dolls, numbering over a thousand, arrayed in garments to take off and on, and which for many long winter evenings will be the greatest delight of the little maidens who attend the happy evenings of "The Children's Happy Evenings Association." From a gorgeous Peeress in a Coronation robe, sent by Countess de Ros, one could descend to the homely, simple dolly in everyday frock. Distinctly novel was Mrs. Lowry's contribution of a family of large Welsh dolls at tea, each one with her knitting in her hand and wearing the characteristic beaver-hat and long scarlet cloak. There were peasant dolls of every sort presiding over shops in a large "market-scene" group. The billiard-table was given up to costume-dolls engaged in the various figures of the "Lancers," and including a Highlander, a man in khaki, the Crown Princess of Montenegro, a fish-wife, and dolls in every sort of fancy-dress. Lady Samuelson sent a group of fifty dolls, which, although they were dressed in a French convent, were no whit less stylish than their West-End sisters; there were brides in white satin and orange-blossoms, babies in carrying-cloaks, a very dignified Scotch laird, and an "old woman who lived in a shoe" with all her progeny, the last the work of a paralysed inmate of Greenwich Infirmary. Mrs. Julius Wernher welcomed many guests during the afternoon, including the President of the Council, Lady Jersey (who, with her daughters, was responsible for many dolls), Miss Ethel Heron-Maxwell, Lady Walker of Sand Hutton, and, of course, the energetic honorary secretary, Mrs. Bland Sutton, and her sister, Miss Ada Heather Bigg.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

LADY F.—(1) I quite think Paquin is the person for you. (2) As to the episode you mention there can be only one opinion. SYBIL.

Mr. Rossi Ashton has written and illustrated a little book which will delight children. "The Naughty Adventures of Face, Rope, and Carrotty"—three sad dogs—is cleverly illustrated, and the text is not without humour, though a little more attention might have been given to its punctuation. But children will hardly consider this a fault.

The near approach of Christmas is heralded by the announcement that Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited, have prepared no less than fifteen hundred sets of entirely new cards for that glad season and the New Year. Some twelve hundred sets are produced in colour, and the remainder in black-and-white. As appropriate mementoes of the "Crowning Year," Messrs. Tuck have obtained the gracious permission of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to reproduce certain famous pictures in the possession of their Majesties, and what with these and the many other beautiful and artistic specimens of cards, calendars, and Christmas post-cards—a new feature—the Yuletide of 1902 should conclude an eventful year most happily both for the producers and buyers of these delightful souvenirs.

People who have lost sight of Dr. Dowie, the "Prophet" from Chicago, whose recent appearance in England gave rise to some stirring scenes, will be pleased to hear that he is doing well in his Zion City on the shores of Lake Michigan. He has secured five or six thousand settlers, all of whom contribute a "tithe of their increase" to the "Prophet's" funds. He is settled in a fine establishment, drives first-class horses, lives on the fat of the land, and announces the coming of the Messiah to Zion City in the next quarter of a century, by which time he will probably be beyond the reach of disappointments. His followers are warned against doctors and must be healed by Faith; but, as the "Prophet" sometimes addresses unbelievers and they do not accept him with due reverence, a body of men called the "Zion Guards" has been enrolled for his protection. Cards, theatres, and patent medicines are forbidden to the faithful, who must be content with such recreation as they can derive from his addresses, which are of the blood-and-thunder order, and devoted to the annihilation of Doctors, Drugs, and the Devil. In spite of the curious nature of the "Prophet's" works, there is money in his business; his land is rising in value, the lace-work which he started with the help of operatives imported from Nottingham is paying splendidly, and at any time he chooses he can retire from prophecy upon a handsome fortune.

NOTES FROM BRUSSELS.

THE inhabitants of Brussels are at last cheering up to a certain extent (writes a correspondent); the rain has ceased to pour and the sun is deigning once more to show its countenance. Hundreds of children are revelling in searching for and eating the beech-nuts in the Bois de la Cambre, while those of riper years gaze with delight at the lovely hues of autumn foliage. Brussels, in a word, despite the official mourning, is once again the glad, happy town of yore; a town it can be safely termed, but in no way a city. At present it is a town enlivened with automobiles of every description; all manner of cars may be seen in the town, the Bois, and on the boulevards; the shabby, grunting, shaking "hack" car tries in vain to keep up with the splendidly equipped private Quadrant; the noisy, panting motor-cycle races round the highways to the terror of pedestrians and horses alike, while the old-fashioned cyclists unprovided with any but Nature's own motive-force remain ignominiously in the background. Along the avenues countless equestrians gallop and canter and trot on well-groomed Irish horses, the Belgian breed being adapted only for purposes of agriculture and draught use in general.

On all sides one hears both French and Flemish spoken. The latter language is used especially amongst the lower classes. In the provinces, indeed, it is said to be ousting French. Certain it is that, while in Brussels, Antwerp, Bruges, and other larger towns all public notices are printed in both languages, in the country and in Belgium generally only Flemish is used.

The King of the Belgians is expected back here very shortly. If His Majesty were to obey his physicians' injunctions, he would, for the present at least, abandon his favourite sport of motoring, which is said to be most prejudicial to the cure of his throat malady. His Majesty is, however, far too ardent an automobilist to cease his rapid drives.

The Royal Palace is shortly to undergo very considerable alterations, the plans of the architects Balat and Maquet being probably followed. The façade will be completely rebuilt, the result of which will be that the exterior will present a very simple but, at the same time, majestic effect. Two wings will be added to the central building and will contain a double covered gallery.

Princess Clementine—who, according to certain imaginative persons, was to have taken the veil and retired into a convent—is going to have her portrait taken in a few days, the artist having already taken up his quarters not very far from the Palace. Her Royal Highness, far from taking the veil, is taking lively interest in the world in general and especially in the poor of Belgium.

Prince Albert is back again in Brussels and is taking active part in the Army, going through all the necessary military duties with the rest of the officers. Prince Albert is, perhaps, the most popular man in the whole country; when his turn comes to rule over this none too easily governed country, he will find that he has the whole country at his back, ready and willing to support him through thick and thin.

A NEW LIFE OF LONGFELLOW.

Colonel Wentworth Higginson's new Life of Longfellow in the "American Men of Letters Series" promises to be one of the most interesting literary biographies of the year. It contains a good deal of new material, drawn from the manuscript correspondence of the first Mrs. Longfellow, bearing upon the poet's early married life and his first visit to Europe. Some fresh light is also thrown upon Longfellow's academical life, and a series of extracts is given from his earlier writings, dating from his college days. Colonel Higginson was a student at Harvard in Longfellow's day, and he gives a charming picture of the poet Professor's unfailing urbanity—

I recall (he says) the cleanness of his questions, the simplicity of his explanations, the well-bred and skilful propriety with which he led us past certain indiscreet phrases in our Modern French Authors. . . . Most of all comes back to memory the sense of triumph with which we saw the proof-sheets of "Voices of the Night" brought in by the printer's devil and laid at his elbow. We felt that we also had lived in literary society, little dreaming in our youthful innocence how large a part of such society would prove far below the standard of courtesy that prevailed in Professor Longfellow's recitation-room.

In reviewing Colonel Higginson's Life of Longfellow, Mr. Bliss Carman, the poet, points out that the descriptions of Grand Pré in "Evangeline" are very far from being true to nature. The very first line of the poem contains a blunder in its reference to the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks." There are no pines in the Grand Pré country at all. That fertile land is far too rich to foster the sand-loving pine-tree. And as for the "rocky caverns" of the "deep-voiced neighbouring ocean," they are fifteen or twenty miles away from that peaceful pastoral country.

Incidentally, Mr. Carman's article contains an interesting criticism of Longfellow's genius. Its weakness was the poet's "placidity," his lack of passion.

The picturesque pathos of the episode of the Acadian expulsion appealed to him, while its bitterness and cruelty passed him by. He is never once sufficiently moved himself by the tale of that inhuman deed. "Evangeline" is a tragedy, and Longfellow pipes on as if it were a bloodless pastoral, picturesque but passionless. And the reader, if he be sensitive to what is dramatic and piercing in life, cannot but feel the inadequacy of the poem and grow impatient at its bathos. That an artist could come face to face with such a story of human sorrow and the disaster of souls and not be profoundly stirred is incomprehensible.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 11.

CONSOLS AND THEIR SETTLEMENT.

TO-MORROW, Thursday, there will terminate the penultimate Consol Settlement of the second year in the Twentieth Century, and as a miserable affair it can only be fittingly described. The rate of contango was, perhaps, somewhat less than had been looked for in certain lugubrious quarters, but the greatest supporter of



ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC: STACKYARD IN MENNONITE SETTLEMENT, MANITOBA.

his country's credit cannot get much pleasure from payment of nearly two per cent. to carry over Consols more than he receives by way of dividend from the stock. Until the last few days, moreover, the outlook for an immediate improvement in price looked very black, but, somehow or other, the cheerier feeling which lighted up other markets of the House has peeped into Capel Court, and even the bears are fain to admit that things are not as bad as they might be. One thing which may be taken for granted is that there will probably be a cessation of sales on account of tired bulls for, at all events, another month. Sick as some of those jaded animals are of their holdings, they know full well that nearly the end of any quarter of the year—and especially the last—is the worst time of all for selling, and so they are likely to keep their stock for better times in the Money Market next January. With this influence of depression removed, Consols are likely to go spasmodically better towards the middle of the present month, although the strength may be lost as December approaches. But practically all hopes of substantial improvement have been carried over to the New Year.

THE SOARING OF TRUNKS.

Shaking themselves free from the morbid influence of the Yankee Market, Grand Trunk stocks are exhibiting a vitality which astonishes even their own upholders. Tail-twisting of Glaswegian bears grew into building up an ever-increasing bull account on behalf of other provincial centres, while London and Montreal have contributed no mean quota to the extraordinary number of buying orders which have taken the prices to well-nigh record levels. The aspect of the market has recently changed altogether, and there now seems to be a substantial backing to it very different to the timid, yielding support that used to distinguish the Trunk section a short while ago. When a fall takes place there is now no lack of purchasers apparently ready to take advantage of any little recession, and the story of how the Americans are eager to gain control of the line through heavy purchases of the Third Preference and the Ordinary stocks seems to gain credence from the way in which even these gambling counters are picked up. It will be observed that the recent rise in the prices of the First and Second Preferences are as nothing compared with the dramatic jump in the other two stocks, and here is another straw which gives an impression of confirmation to the American wind. Had not the conditions of the market veered round so completely, we should have been quite in accord with the cautious opinions which point to the possibility of a sharp relapse, but, while admitting that such an event is only what might reasonably be expected, we are bound to confess that the market presents every appearance of being far from exhaustion of its strength.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

When the weary cease from worrying and the wicked come off worst, I am going to clear out of the Stock Exchange. If it weren't for people troubling themselves over nothing at all, and if it weren't for the wicked digging pits which other folks usually fall into, there would scarcely be that coming of business whose promise sounds so sweetly to the broker's ear. So stir up strife, ye troublemakers, and dig your pits, ye wicked, and let us have the old House humming once again before the cheer of Christmas lays us all upon the shelf for a week or so. Ah! it is well to be young and unspotted from disasters of digestion; it is well to be taunted with having carrots instead of snow upon the place where the wool ought to grow; and happy are the days, my younger brethren, when you can see your feet without having to look for them over your—well, you know what I mean. Excuse these regrets, I pray you, but I myself was young once upon a time, and old memories are hard to banish.

One is almost afraid to do more than whisper about the revival in Home Railway stocks, lest the very breath of speech should blow the fragile growth to pieces. That exotic plant, Great Eastern, and the delicately-scented Districts are equally to the fore. Great Western and North-Western constitute a pair of budding bloomers—I stick sternly to my metaphor, and “Honi soit qui,” &c.—which may be wafted higher still, providing no prowling bear lays his paralyzing paw upon their enthusiastic striving for higher things. To have a sound and rising Home Railway Market before Christmastide would indeed be an ideal state of Stock Exchange affairs, an ideal state which would hearten up many an uneasy railway stockholder who has watched his capital and interest dwindling steadily each half-year without, it seemed, much hope of recovery. Yet are the traffic returns beginning to make their influence favourably felt, and, if I held them, I'd stick to my Home Rails, all but Dover “A,” and, what is more, I fancy the psychological moment is very close when the market may take a permanent turn and encourage that process of buying to average for which so many investors are on the *qui-vive*. Unhappily, however, ideals generally are prone to cause disappointment to their possessor. They come, like measles, when we are yet juveniles. Of course, some of us get ideals, also like measles, later in life, and then they are both pretty bad. Marriage is the best cure for the former, sometimes for the latter too.

They tell me in the House that there is a big rise coming in North-Eastern Consols, commonly called “Berwicks.” Of course, the present flatness has been brought about by the poor takes which have lately fallen to the lot of the Company; but these are due to temporary causes, and a five-point rise may be quite feasible. By the way, in connection with the question of commission on Home Rails, it may be well to speak frankly upon the subject to investor and speculator alike, because both consider they have a grievance. The old-fashioned charge, which is frequently enforced at the present time and is a perfectly legitimate one, is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. *ad valorem*. That is to say, if you buy £100 Brum at 162½, you pay 16s. 3d. commission, while on £100 Midland Pref. at 70, the charge would be 7s. This may be set down as the outside scale, beyond which a broker rarely, if ever, goes, and the brokerage is that charged to a client who buys his stock for investment or sells it for delivery. On the other hand, the speculator pays much less. As a rule, his broker will deal in the Midland for him at $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. commission, or $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in Great Western, making the charges 2s. 6d. and 5s. respectively on each £100 stock purchased or sold. Why there should be this difference is a puzzler and an annoyance to a good many people who do not know the work which each bargain entails. When a man takes up stock, the trouble and labour involved are much heavier than they are in regard to a speculation. It may, I think, be fairly said that stocks or shares taken up give three times the amount of work as compared with speculative purchases, which are sold at a quick profit or carried over. The difference in charge is perfectly fair, and if only the client could follow the ramifications of his transaction through the books of his broker, there would be much less heard of the cheap taunt which says the Stock Exchange makes its money by the exchange of a couple of sentences between a jobber and his broker.

My exasperated Editor demands why I do not confine myself to stocks and shares, and leave smaller topics alone. Well, my dear sir, go and buy yourself some Burma Ruby shares if you want a mining tip. (I don't suppose he will, you know.) As a cheap gamble, they are to be recommended, the price being in the neighbourhood of seventeen-and-sixpence, with a two shillings liability on the shares. For some time past the Company has been sadly troubled by reason of a flood, which made mining operations well-nigh impossible for a time. Besides this, a difficulty presented itself in the shape of fears that the Company might not be able to get an extension of its lease from the Burmese Government; but this, I am given to understand, has been surmounted, and the Burma Ruby Company is not likely to be disturbed. The water, too, has been so far reduced in bulk as to enable the resumption of active operations, and, with these points in their favour, the shares have, at least, a decent chance of making a move. Everyone has heard the story of how Lord Rothschild had to scramble into his office through a back-window on the day that his firm issued the prospectuses, so great was the crowd clamouring for the documents in St. Swin's Lane, but the subsequent course of events must have proved a source of sore disappointment to the financiers of New Court. It is a little singular that the shares in another well-known enterprise of theirs in the Mining Market, the Exploration Company, should be quoted at about fifteen shillings. The Burma Ruby price, however, is a considerable premium, whereas “Rothschilds” stand at a five shillings discount.

Yankees have all of a sudden dropped as dead as door-nails in speculative estimation. Of course, the market cannot be called moribund by any means, but the public on this side seem to have quite lost interest in it, although for a brief while the British speculator did look into Yankees a little bit. Possibly there may be a weak connection between the sale of the White Star Line and the current quietude of the Railroad shares. I have heard people asking the question, if the Americans are paying such fancy figures for British goods, what are the magnates of Wall Street giving for the furtherance of their schemes on that side? With an almost unanimous voice the Press in Great Britain declares roundly that no good dividend can be paid on the huge amount of watered capital upon which the Atlantic Combine floats; but I don't know that there may not be good in the scheme from the point of view of the combiners, after all. They are not fools: they can hardly expect the British public to find the money, and yet the bargain is all fixed up. Interesting to a degree will be subsequent developments, but I, for one, would not touch the stock with a Poker (much less a Bridge) if it should be issued over here. Still, one may be excused a pardonable degree of curiosity as to how events will pan out without being any the less A Britisher and

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.



ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC: FISHING-CAMP, SHIP LAKE, ONAWA.

MR. LORNIE AGAIN.

Our old acquaintance, Mr. Lornie, of Kirkcaldy, is at his tricks again. In 1896 or 1897 we devoted some space to warning our readers against his efforts to press upon an unwilling public the Preference shares of the Fife Linoleum and Floor Cloth Company, and Mr. Lornie was good enough to remonstrate with us for what we wrote. Since that time the gentleman has, as far as we know, given the world a rest; but times being hard, and linoleum out of fashion, Mr. Lornie has taken up a new form of security, and is puffing for all it is worth, and a bit over, the 6 per cent. Debentures of the Colombian (sic!) National Railway, which, in his best and most florid style, he describes as a guaranteed and absolutely safe 6 per cent. investment. We presume he means "Colombian," and that the misspelling is a slip on his part; but to talk about the guarantee of poor, bankrupt Colombia as "absolute security" is something like—well, shall we say wilful paltering with the truth? Of course, to any person the least acquainted with financial matters such stuff only excites a smile, but Mr. Lornie's circulars are addressed to the innocent country-man and woman, and therein lies the wickedness of such twaddle. With Lornie, as with most touts, there is more misrepresentation in the inferences to be drawn from what is said than from the literal meaning of the actual words used. It is desired (he says) to make these debentures available for trustees, thereby clearly intending the ignorant person to believe that such a thing is within the realm of possibility, although he knows—no one better—that the debentures of a Central American Railway are not, and cannot, by any guarantee of the Government of Colombia be brought within the four corners of the Act which defines the securities in which trustees may invest. The whole circular is calculated to make any ignorant person with a few pounds to spare believe that the Colombian National Railway debentures are an entirely different class of security—and a far better one—than they in fact are.

Saturday, Nov. 1, 1902.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion; and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. T. (Leamington).—Rand Mines are considered by many of the best judges the pick of the Kafir Market at present price. If there is any general revival, the shares would be among the first to benefit.

SIMON.—We cannot open a Sharé Mart, and are obliged, therefore, to decline putting various correspondents into communication with each other. The price being $\frac{7}{8}$ to $1\frac{1}{8}$, we do not see how you, a seller, can expect to get $1\frac{1}{8}$. For this you must wait until the price is 1 to $1\frac{1}{4}$.

ALPHA.—Your securities are of the highest class, and the present is as bad a time as you could select to turn them out. We advise you to hold for a few months, as we feel confident you will get better prices in the spring, and probably not have to pay much more for the sort of stuff which will give you 5 per cent.

E. H. F.—In our opinion, you might dispose of the Indian Railway and put the trust money into the Pref. stock of some English line, such as Great Western or Great Northern. The present prices for this class of security leave room for a substantial rise.

H. C.—It is not the way of the African magnates to publish prospectuses. The more probable thing is that you will wake up one morning and find the shares dealt in on the Stock Exchange at 2 prem.

GIN AND GINGER.—The Ottoman Railway Debentures are a fair security in which the interest is reasonably secure. The Brewery is one of the best, but neither Schweppes nor Lipton's Ordinary shares are the sort of thing for a man living in the centre of Africa to hold. They might be all right if you lived in England. The mine is, for a mine—not bad. You do not say what class of security you hold in the Mexican Railway or the Electric Tramway. In our opinion, for a person quite out of the way of getting news quickly, the securities are not of the class to be recommended. Until you get back to civilisation you would be much wiser to put your money into Colonial Stock or the best Railway debentures.

G. W.—No doubt, plenty of brokers would buy and pay for such things as you mention on a ten or fifteen per cent. margin and at five per cent. interest. There might be more trouble over the mines; there the margin would have to be 20 per cent. and the interest 7 per cent.

VITTORIA.—The West Roodepoort shares do not seem likely to have a dividend in your time, but the others are really first-class and might be held for a two or three points rise.

G. W. M.—The sinking fund of the Rescission Bonds consists not only of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but of the saving effected by the conversion of the guarantees. When below par, the Bonds will be purchased in the market.

D. F. G.—The Soap shares are not known on the Stock Exchange. The Theatre shares appear hopeless, but to sell at the present price seems hardly worth the trouble.

SAXON.—Both Companies are probably utter rubbish, and we fully expect more capital will be wanted in each case. The first is probably the better of the two.

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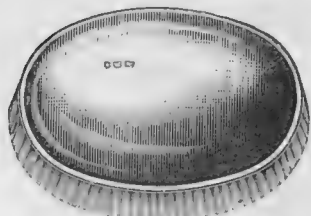
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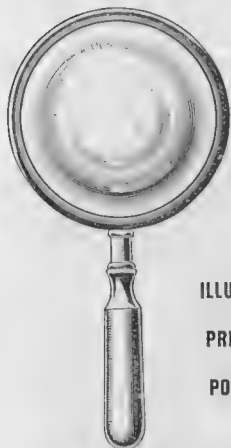
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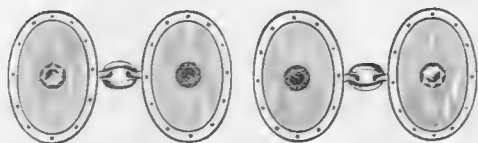
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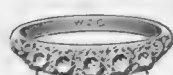
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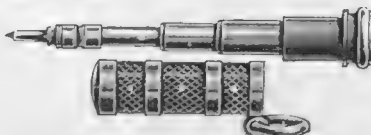
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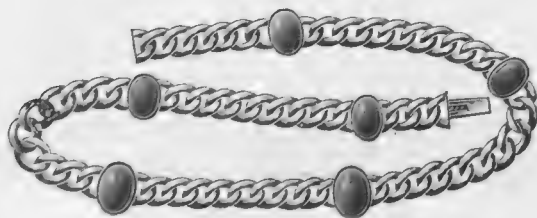
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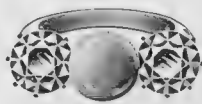
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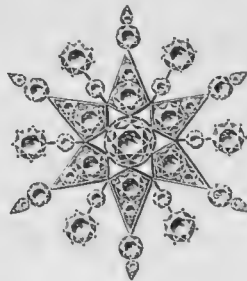
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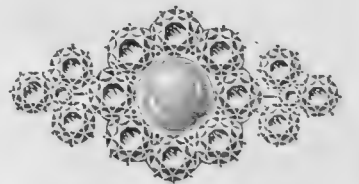
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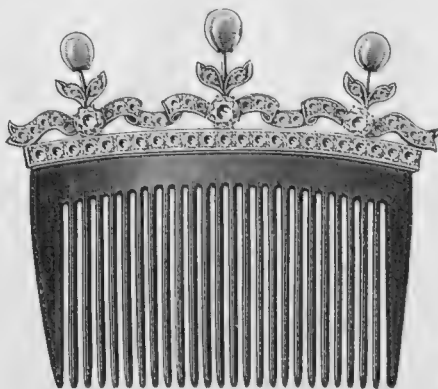


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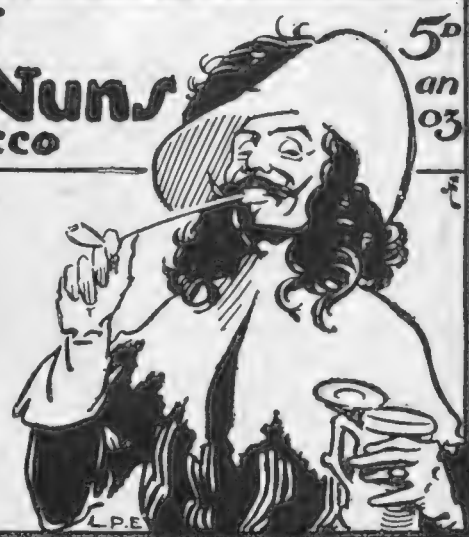
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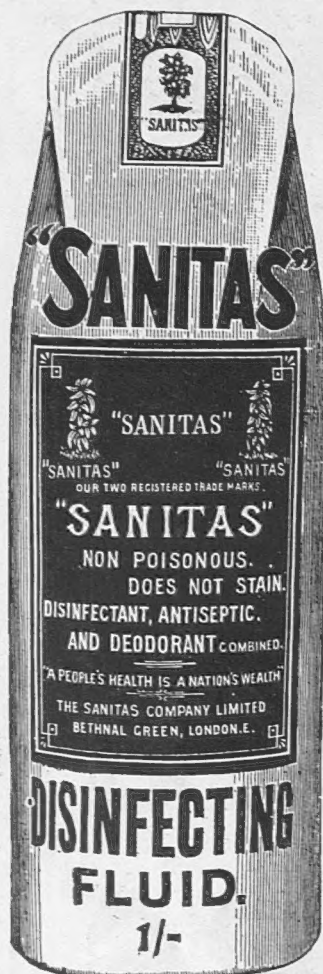
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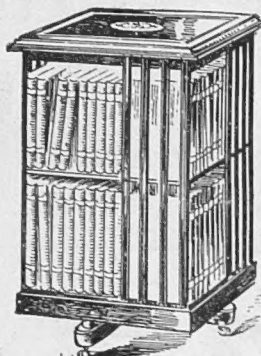
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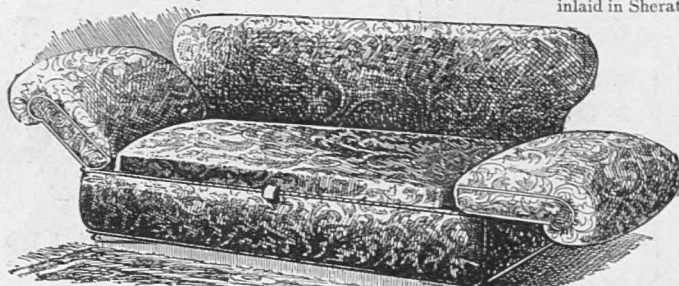
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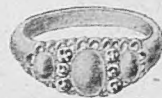
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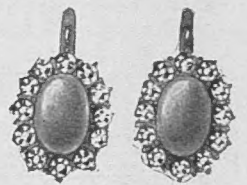
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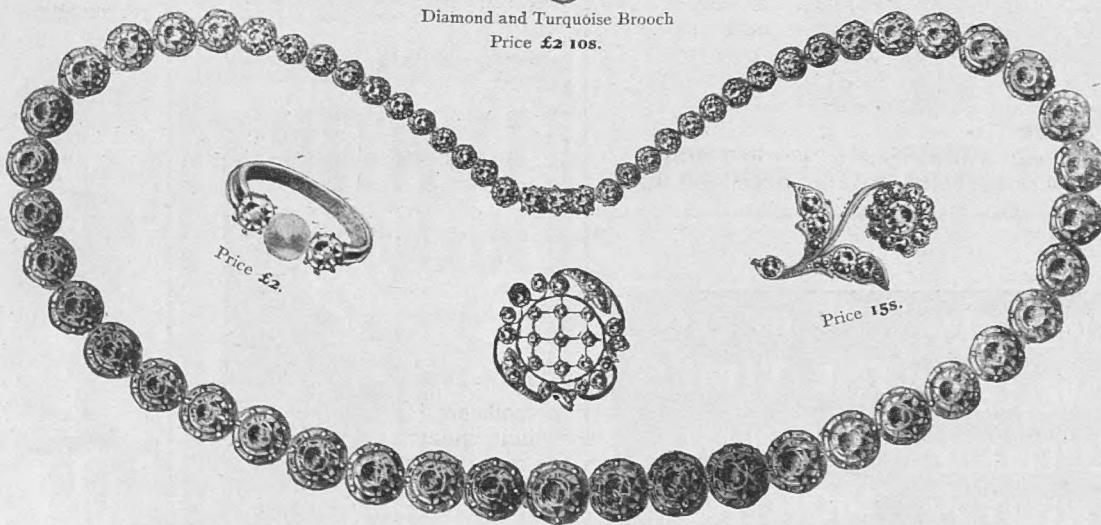
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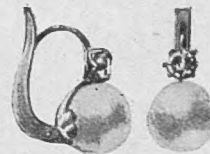
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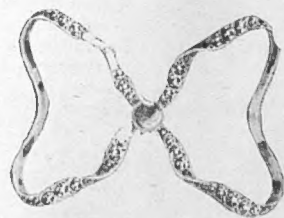
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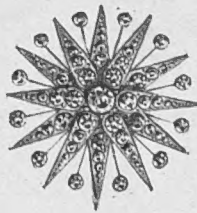
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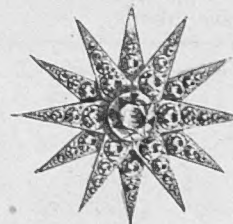
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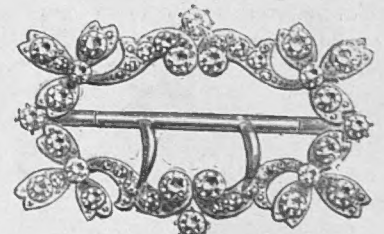
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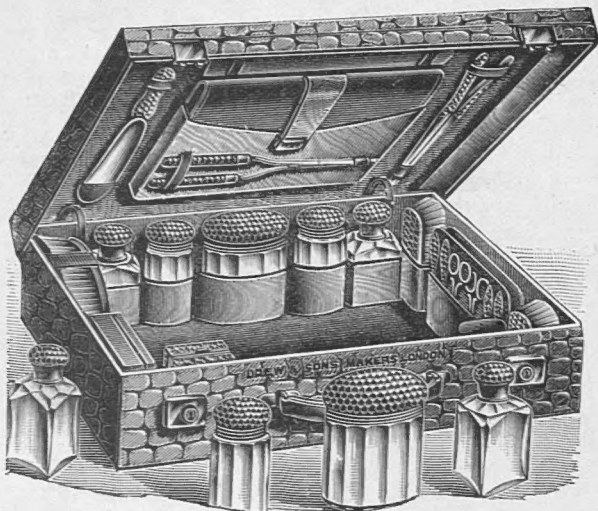
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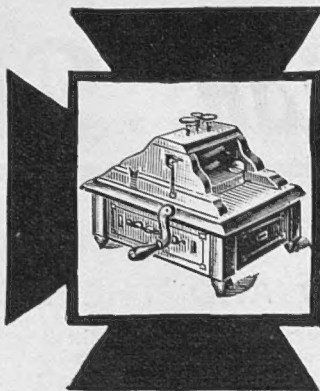
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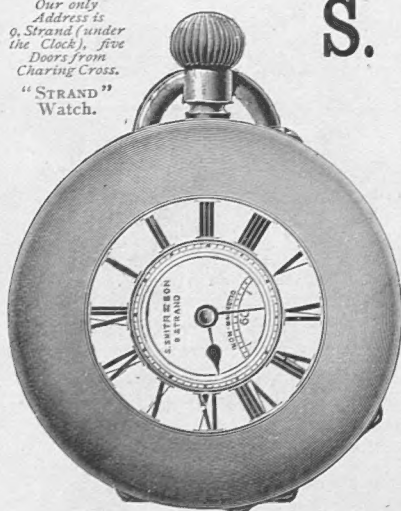
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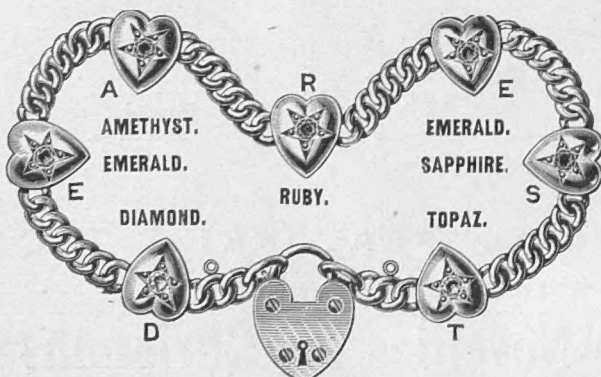
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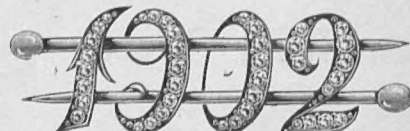


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